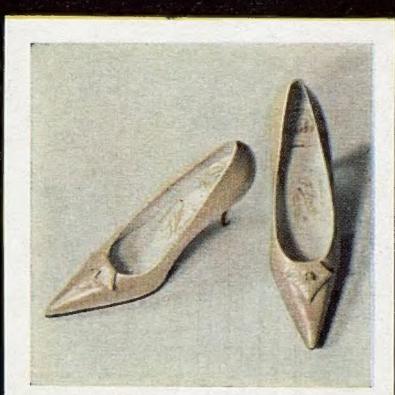
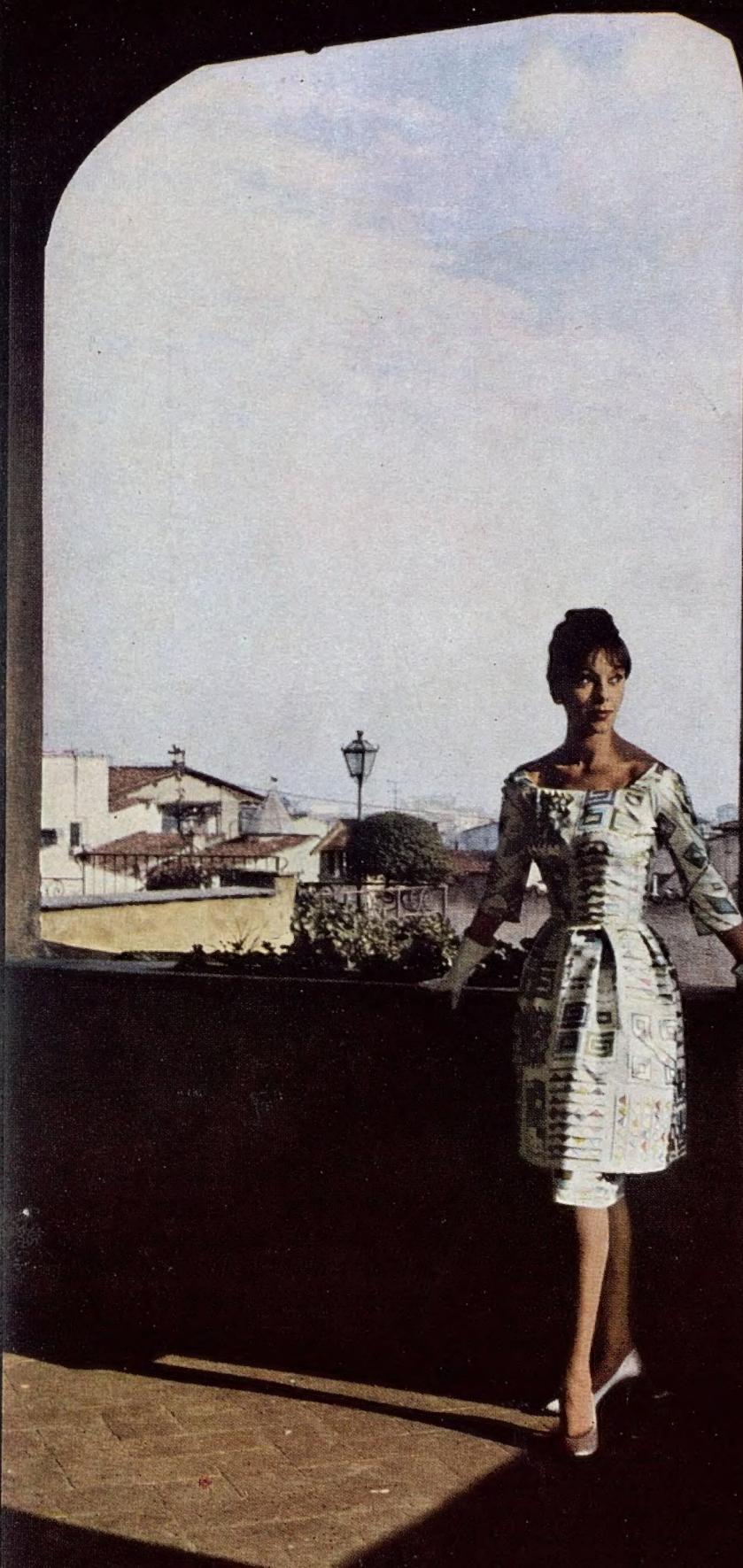




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& Bystander 2s. weekly 16 Mar. 1960



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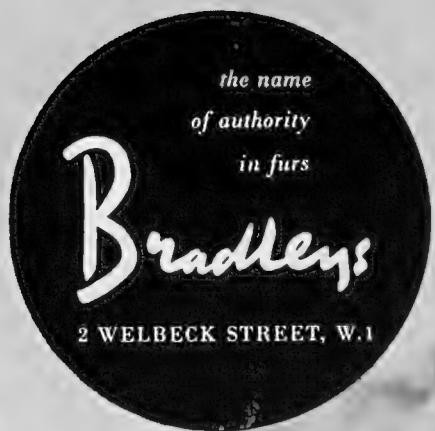
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& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

VOLUME CCXXXV NUMBER 3055 16 MARCH 1960

## GOING PLACES

WITH five days to go to the official onset of spring, The Tatler presents *Spring Fashion*—14 pages of it, beginning on page 500. In this section you'll find the newest in dresses, the latest in hats and hair-dos, the neatest in accessories. And just to stop the whole thing from getting too solemn, Lord Kilbracken recounts his own adventures in covering the Collections (page 499). . . .

There are also five days to go to the start of the Flat, and this event is celebrated on page 489 with a photographic feature by Jack Ester on Noel Murless, one of the Queen's two trainers, who last year won record prize money for a trainer. It's called *Flat out for the Flat*. . . .

On the social side the first name that comes to mind is Princess Margaret, and she's on page 493 in an exclusive picture taken by Tom Hustler at the Bowes-Lyon wedding. . . . Her own forthcoming wedding to a society photographer prompts some reflections (page 496) on the *Changing Rankings of Okay Jobs*. . . .

Other news and features: Mrs. Alan Campbell-Johnson's fork lunch for débutantes (page 492). . . . How to have your photograph taken (page 518). . . . St. Moritz after dark (page 523). . . . Claud Cockburn on Britain's Casino complex (page 522). . . .

**Next week:** The elegant layabout. . . . All set at Aintree. . . . Is there an English style?

**Postage:** Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 6½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. **Subscription Rates:** Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number) £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number) £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 10s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £0 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

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**SPORT** **Rugby:** Scotland v. England (Calcutta Cup), Murrayfield, Edinburgh, 19 March. **Great Britain v. France,** St. Helens, Lancs., 26 March. **Wales v. France,** Cardiff, 26 March. **Golf:** Oxford v. Cambridge, Royal Lytham St. Annes, 18 March. **Flat racing opens** at Lincoln, 21-23 March. **Grand National,** Aintree, 26 March. **Steeplechasing:** **Grand Military Meeting,** Sandown Park, 18-19 March. **Hunter Trials:** Bicester & Warden Hill (King's End Farm, Bicester), 23 March.

**MUSICAL** **Covent Garden Opera:** *Aida* (first performance of season), 7 p.m. tonight. Verdi's *Macbeth* (first ever performance at Covent Garden), 7.30 p.m., 31 March. (cov. 1066.) **Royal Ballet,** Covent Garden. First performance of *Le Lac des Cygnes* by the Royal Ballet School, 2.15 p.m., 19 March. **Royal Festival Hall:** First of four Wednesday Bach organ recitals by Helmut Walcha, 5.55 p.m. tonight. (WAT 3191.)

**ART** **19th- & 20th-century French Paintings,** Lefevre Gallery, Bruton St., W.1. **Paintings by Children of Pestalozzi Villages,** Leicester Square Theatre.

**EXHIBITIONS** "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia. To 26 March. "And So To Bedrooms," Design Centre, Haymarket. To 2 April.

**SOCIAL EVENTS** London Fashion Designers' Show at Osterley Park House, Middlesex, 23 March, for National Fund for Poliomyelitis Research. (Tickets: £5 from Mr. Charles Scott-Paton, 24 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3.)

**Spring Fair,** Chenil Galleries, Chelsea, 23 March, in aid of World Refugee Year, organized by the International Social Service.

**Anglo-Italian Ball,** Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, 29 March. (Tickets: £2 10s. from Liverpool Child Welfare Association, Copperas Hill, Liverpool, 3.)

**Meeting at the Berkeley Hotel** 4 April, at 4 p.m., to choose the girls to be models for the Berkeley Charity Dress Show. Chairman,

Mrs. Peter Foster, 113 Cadogan Gdns., S.W.1.

**Travellers' Club Ball,** for the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. Tickets from members.

**FIRST NIGHTS** **Vaudeville Theatre.** *Follow That Girl.* 17 March. **Comedy Theatre.** *Look On Tempests.* 22 March. **Palace Theatre.** *Flower Drum Song.* 24 March. **Duchess Theatre.** *Go Back For Murder.* 23 March.

**THEATRE** From reviews by Alan Roberts. For this week's see page 526. **St. Joan.** ". . . producer Douglas Seale has got on with the job . . . if he has made mistakes, all of them together are too small to mar the overall splendour of this masterpiece." Barbara Jefford, Alec McCowen, Walter Hudd, Donald Houston. (Old Vic, WAT 7616.) **Henry V.** ". . . Cocking a snook at the purists . . . the air was filled with real gunpowder smoke . . . air-raid sirens wailed. . . . Where was Shakespeare? . . ." William Peacock, Edgar Wreford, Suzanne Fuller. (Mermaid Theatre, CRT 7657.)



**CINEMA** From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 527.

**The Battle Of The Sexes.** ". . . an amiable and adroit comedy based on a story by Mr. James Thurber. . . ." Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, Constance Cummings. (Odeon, Marble Arch, PAD 8011.)

**Vicious Circle.** ". . . this strange and acrid piece . . . infernal triangle . . . the acting is superb." Frank Villard, Arletty, Gaby Sylvia. (Cameo-Royal, WMR 6915.)



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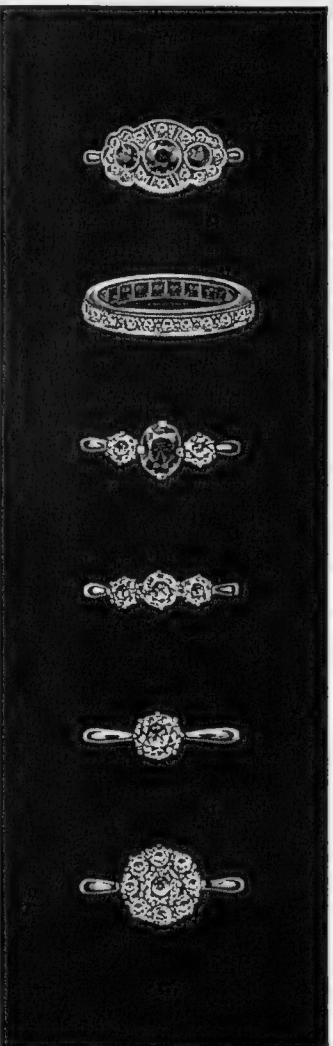
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## GOING PLACES *continued*

### Easter in Greece

by DOONE BEAL

ON the Greek Orthodox Good Friday last year, I wandered into a church in Naphlion. The bells had been tolling the traditional funeral knell all day, and almost everything in the church was purple, white or gold from the ikons and altar cloth to the canopy of flowers and the flower petals scattered over the Effigy. In ones and twos, bare-headed villagers walked in, to scatter more petals and to kiss the bier. In a corner, women were sweeping away stray twigs and leaves from the decorations. One of them left a gossiping group to deal a sound clip over the ear to a brandy-eyed little boy who had been running races to and from the altar with his companion.

Two hours later, I was standing in the rickety wooden gallery of this same church in a haze of candle smoke, incense and chanting, thinking that it must surely collapse under the weight of people, or catch fire from the myriad flames burning a few feet below it. Without any apparent break, the service developed into a street procession, and villagers joined the congregation, lighting their slim tallow candles from each other, until the procession became a broad, flickering stream of light. I followed it up and down shallow steps and along the narrow streets that honeycomb the town. More candles burned in every open window, and the incense fused with the scent of orange blossom, honeysuckle, and the earthy freshness of geraniums crammed into the casket-shaped balconies of the houses.

On Saturday morning, the mood was different. The markets were open again, with barrels of artichokes, slabs piled high with glistening red mullet, barrows full of spring flowers. Women bobbed to and from the communal ovens carrying great cloth-covered platters. The sunny little town became an abattoir of newly-killed lambs (which are not allowed to be slaughtered for a full month before Easter), and whose skins were slung outside every doorway. This is a time of year when even the poorest peasants provide their families with meat.

It is a five-day festival; the Tuesday of Holy Week is devoted to Mary Magdalene (and prostitutes usually attend service on this day, if no other). Wednesday is for the Anointing of the Faithful. Thursday noon, when from Athens to the smallest villages they shut up shop, marks the beginning of the fast

which is observed, in many parts of the country, until Saturday at midnight. The three great church services are the service of the Crucifixion on Maundy Thursday, that of the "funeral procession" (Epitaphios) on Good Friday, and the Service of the Resurrection on Saturday night, which, in Athens, is attended by the King, his ministers and the Royal Guard. It is a most impressive ceremony, culminating in fireworks and cannon fire, cries of *Christos Anesti*, more lighting of candles, universal kissing, and the consumption of much *retsina* in the tavernas, and also of the ceremonial soup, *magiritsa*—a herb scented fast-breaker made from lambs' intestines, dill and rice.

Far from finishing Easter at this point, the Greeks are only just starting to celebrate. On Sunday morning there is dancing everywhere—by the soldiers in the King's Barracks (well worth seeing, if you can get in), and in every country village. It is followed by the cracking of the famous red eggs. These are dyed with a special kind of red wood on the Thursday before and whoever succeeds in cracking the other's egg may claim it. The eggs are followed by a gargantuan meal of lamb roasted whole on the spit. Only after Easter Sunday morning do the Greeks regard Easter as a holiday—and the rest of the week, called "white week," is treated as such.

In the country regions of Greece you will see variations of the ceremonies, often richly laced with almost pagan superstition. In the island of Paros, the candles from the Epitaphios are kept as a talisman against the winter storms. In Sparta, candles and flowers are distributed to the women of the town as a protection against sickness, and in many villages the effigy of Judas is burned on Good Friday. It is certainly not impossible to see part of Easter in Athens and part of it in the country. Personally I would choose to spend it in the country.

This year the Greek Orthodox Easter and our own coincide. I cannot imagine a better time in which to see the country, full of wild iris, poppies and daisies, lit by that almost unearthly clarity of light. The new cheap night flight (£84 12s. return) is operable from April 1, and well worth investigating are the *independent* inclusive holidays being offered by travel agents in co-operation with B.E.A. and Olympic Airways.



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## Dining out

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

**Chez Luba**, 116 Draycott Avenue, Chelsea. (KEN 6523.) C.S. Five years ago this restaurant and its owner Niki Wisniewski were unknown. Today both are internationally famous and at least half of Niki's customers come from abroad. It is the only restaurant in London specializing in Russian cooking, and has a special and amusing atmosphere in which it would be difficult to feel depressed. W.B.

**The Unity Restaurant**, 91 King's Road, S.W.3. (FLA 1379.) Part of the real Chelsea, this restaurant has no appeal for bogus beatniks. Warm, friendly, comfortable, even a little old-fashioned in *décor*, it is well known to those who like good Greek cooking at reasonable prices. It serves ouzo, and (difficult to find in London) a good retsina in half bottles.

**Kensington Palace Hotel**. De Vere Gardens, W.8. (WES 8121.) In my private *prix d'honneur* for the Best Meal of 1960, one eaten in the grill room here is at present in the lead. It was *Scampis Provençale, Suprême de Bresse Princesse with Broccolis Mornay and Pommes Croquettes*, finishing with a *Soufflé au Fromage*. With it we drank a 1955 Berneasteler Lilac Seal Moselle. The meal was produced at only 15 minutes notice!

**Charing Cross Hotel**, Montfort Restaurant. (TRA 7282.) The British have a built-in conviction that in station hotels the food is invariably poor and the surroundings dreary. The Montfort Restaurant refutes it, for the *décor* is pleasant, the food good and the waiting attentive. The large Victorian Gothic room has been redecorated in powder blue and cream, contrasting with old-rose upholstery. Not even the most critical could quarrel with the choice of dishes offered (the accent is on English cooking and a decorative cold table) or the prices. A well-chosen wine list includes some

good and moderately priced carafe wines. W.B.

**Le P'tit Montmartre**, 15 Marylebone Lane, Wigmore Street. (WEL 2992.) Open Sunday evenings. The *décor* and general make-up is a realistic attempt to reproduce in London the atmosphere of a Montmartre or Left-Bank restaurant. The cooking is considerably better than that found in most Paris restaurants in the same price range. It passes, with honours, the two tests I apply to a French restaurant—the *terrine maison* and the *Boeuf Bourguignon*—and the *sorbet* ices are also excellent, as is the coffee. The wine list is chosen to match the menu. The guitarist-singer is pleasantly unobtrusive. W.B.

**Kettner's**, 29 Romilly Street, W.1. (GER 3437.) This restaurant has a famous name. It is run by Maurice Monnickendam, brother of Louis, and, very cleverly, he maintains a high standard of both English and Continental cooking. You can have boiled gammon, for example, or *risotto*. The list of wines is good, and, like the food, moderately priced. W.B.

**Trocadero Grill**, Piccadilly Circus. (GER 6920.) It has been consistently good as long as I have known it—for 35 years. Always full, but never overrowded, and the service is outstanding. One of the best curries in London is on the menu every day except Sunday. There are several other specialities in a big menu. Music at lunchtime and dancing in the evenings, except on Sundays. There is a special menu for fourth-formers and below. W.B.

**Plato's**, 83 Wigmore Street. C.S. (WEL 7367.) W.B. lunch. There is quite a lot of indifferent Greek cooking to be found in London, and some good. That at Plato's is good. My favourites are the *Taramasalada*, a fish *pâté*, the *Moussaka*, and the splendidly sticky *Paklava* to finish. There is good English cooking for those who prefer it. Mr. Panos makes one very welcome. There is Turkish coffee.

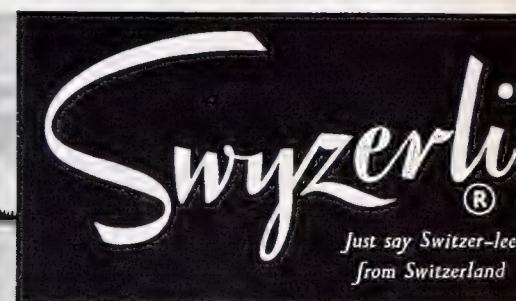
**The Vine Grill**, 3 Piccadilly Place, W.1. (REG. 5789.) C.S. This establishment stands on the same site as the famous Elvino's and the bar preserves its reputation. The small grillroom upstairs is done up to resemble the saloon of a comfortable yacht, and is deservedly well-known for the quality of its meat and cooking. W.B.

**Alberts**, 53 Beak Street, W.1. (GER 1296.) C.S. Restaurants come and go, start well and finish badly, but year by year—for something over 25 years—Alberts has been consistently good. There are no frills on the *décor*; the money and care goes into the cooking. The service is more than ordinarily friendly. W.B.

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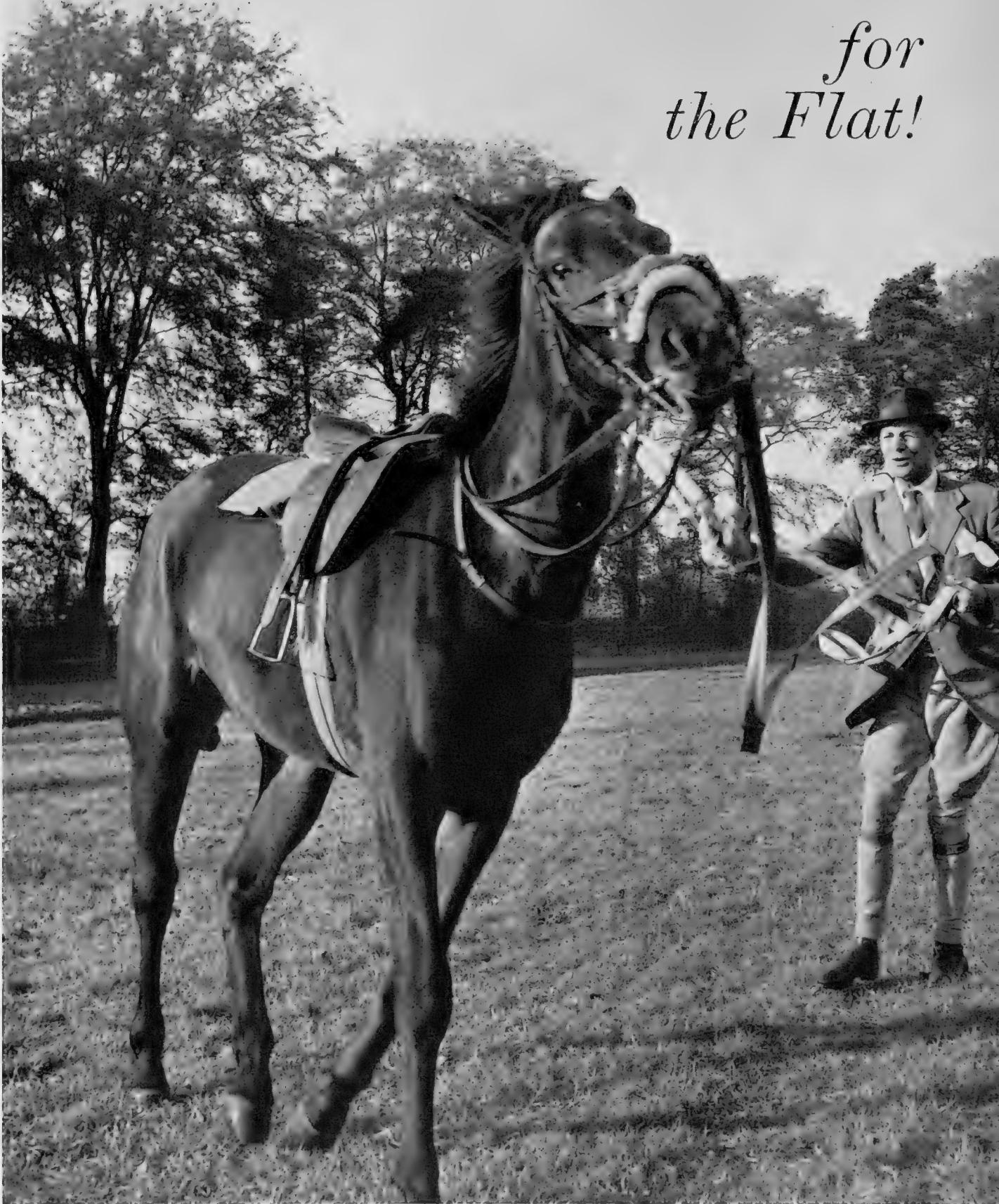
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489

THE TATLER  
& BYSTANDER16 MARCH  
1960

# Flat out for the Flat!



THE FLAT-RACING SEASON, which starts on Monday, sets a stiff standard for Mr. Noel Murless's Newmarket stable. Can he maintain his remarkable success of last year, when his horses won more prize money than any other trainer's in the history of the British turf? With some 80 horses in training, and the comforting knowledge of having twice previously headed the trainers' prize-money list, he starts well-placed to keep up his panting pace. In this picture he was helping to break in one of his 40-odd yearlings. Overleaf he is portrayed at home at Warren Place. . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK ESTEN



*First task with a new yearling is to make friends. Above: Noel Murless fondles Tantau's Delight, owned by Mrs. Hindley. This is the filly he is training on the previous page. Below: His 17-year-old daughter Julie won last year's Newmarket Town Plate, the only flat race for women riders only*



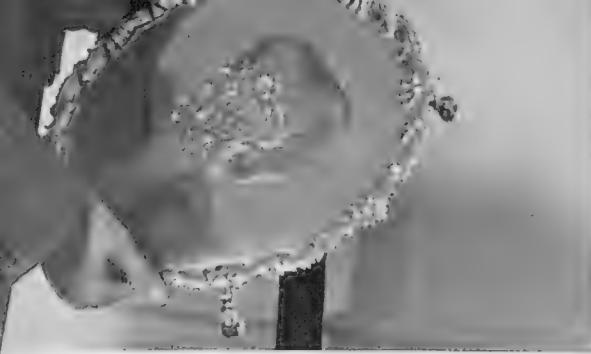
## *Flat-out for the Flat* continued

THE twist to Noel Murless's outstanding success in training for the Flat is that he started his career in racing over the sticks. He was a National Hunt jockey, first amateur, then a professional. He took to training just before the war and was working for Fred Darling when he was asked by him in 1947 to take over Darling's Beckhampton stables. In his first year there he topped the list of winning trainers with prize money of £66,542.

Plushy Warren Place, where he trains now, became his H.Q. in 1951. Covering 11 acres, it is the largest racing establishment in Britain, and was built by Sam Darling, Fred's brother. It was once owned by the Maharajah of Baroda. Here, in 1957, Murless again headed the prize-money list with a record-breaking £116,000—and in celebration the owners (headed by the Queen) and his fellow trainers gave him a silver salver that now adorns his dining-room.

Unlike most other trainers, Murless employs no girls to help exercise the horses. But his wife, former rider Gwen Carlow, and their daughter Julie are always to be seen out on the Heath with the string. This seems to be about the only identifiable difference in his methods—he disclaims any secrets, and even his rivals can only say that he loves horses and never pushes them beyond their capacity. Whatever the recipe, it certainly succeeds. Murless has won every classic, and it is taken for granted by all who know him that there are more records to come.





The dining-room at Warren Place (left) has often been visited by the Queen, who gave Murless the cigarette box on the right of the dining-table. The silver salver (detail, top) was presented to him when he became champion trainer in 1957. On the wall are pictures of two of his winners that year, the Queen's Carrozza (The Oaks) and Sir Victor Sassoon's Derby winner Crepello. With him is his wife. Right: With 80 horses to enter for 1960's races he has plenty of desk work, though he employs two secretaries. Below: The drawing-room is filled with pictures and souvenirs providing a record of his Turf Successes





*Miss Georgina Shepley-Cuthbert. Left : Miss Virginia Campbell-Johnson, whose mother, Mrs. Alan Campbell-Johnson, gave the luncheon*



*Debs  
at a  
fork  
lunch*

*Miss Nike Kent Taylor and Miss Nicky Trethowan (who is coming out in 1961) talk to Muriel Bowen (above, on right). Beyond them is Miss Wendy Ball. Left: Miss Merry Williams-Wynne and Miss Deborah Walker-Smith. They are sharing a dance with the Hon. Penelope Ploowden in Middle Temple Hall in the autumn*



*PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
LEWIS MORLEY*

*Miss Jeannette Constable-Maxwell and Miss Wendy Ball (holding plate). Left: Miss Olivia Turton and Miss Sarah Maybury*

*The aisle-long list of*

## LEAP YEAR BRIDES

BY MURIEL BOWEN

**B**RIDES are news in Leap Year, and besides Princess Margaret there is an aisle-long list of interesting names. **Lady Carey Coke**, for a start. She's 25, blonde, and devastatingly pretty. For a time she helped her mother, the **Countess of Leicester** (she's a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen) with the pottery business at the family's Norfolk home, Holkham Hall [The Tatler, 16 December last year]. Since then, tiring a little of continuous country life, she's been a salesgirl at a West End art dealer's. Now she is to marry **Mr. Bryan Basset**, a stockbroker who's the 27-year-old son of **Mr. Ronald Lady Elizabeth Basset** (a lady-in-waiting to the Queen Mother). They met at a house party in Scotland given by her relation **Lady Carey's** engagement ring is a sapphire with diamonds on either side in a Victoria setting. The wedding takes place on 30 April in Norfolk and the reception will be at Holkham Hall.

The same month, but 10 days earlier, second cousin of Princess Margaret's will marry. She's **Miss Susan Wills**, 20-year-old tobacco heiress, and she is to marry **Mr. Peregrine Bertie** (say it *Bartie*), who's 28 and in his father's stockbroking firm. Son of the **Hon. James & Lady Jean Bertie** (and cousin of the Marquess of Bute) he is Roman Catholic, and the wedding ceremony will be at St. James's, Spanish Place. There will be a reception at St. James's Palace.

For a time after coming out Miss Wills was a salesgirl in the ski-clothes department of a Piccadilly store, but there is no romantic tale to tell of meeting across the counter; they met at a dance during her deb year. Her ring is a large, handsome aquamarine.

In May (the 7th) comes another R.C. wedding, that of the **Hon. Rosalie Hennessy**, 25-year-old second daughter of **Lord Windlesham**. Returning last year from New York, where she was a secretary on the staff of the U.N. Secretariat, she met her fiancé at a friend's cocktail party. He is **Peter John Gervase Elwes**, the eldest son of **Mr. Simon Elwes & the Hon. Mrs. Elwes**,



*Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother went to the wedding of Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon (the Queen Mother's niece) and Mr. Peter Somervell at the King Henry VII Chapel, Westminster Abbey, and afterwards at St. James's Palace. The bride is the daughter of the Queen Mother's late brother, the Hon. John Bowes-Lyon. The groom is the son of the late Sir Arnold Somervell. Two days afterwards, Princess Margaret's own engagement was announced. Tom Hustler's photograph, exclusive to THE TATLER, shows: (seated) Lady Somervell, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Hon. Mrs. John Bowes-Lyon; (standing): Prince Georg of Denmark, Princess Georg of Denmark (the bride's sister), the bride and groom, Mr. Alaric Russell (the best man), the Hon. Elizabeth Anson and Viscount Anson*

sales side of a brewery firm of which his father used to be a director. They met at a house party in Shropshire. He has given her a peridot (a yellowish-green stone) engagement ring.

Miss Gaisford-St. Lawrence is 24 and comes of an Irish family noted for its wit. Her father, the late Capt. Stephen Gaisford-St. Lawrence, served with the Royal Navy. Until recently, when she returned home to help with her wedding plans, she was a secretary at Buckingham Palace working for Prince Philip's treasurer, Rear-Adm'l. Christopher Bonham-Carter.

The marriage of Mr. James Macdonald-Buchanan, 29, and Miss Elizabeth Smith, 20, will unite two families, both famous on the turf—and who have known each other for many years. Miss Smith is the only daughter of the Hon. Hugh Smith (a son of that grand old man of 'chasing, the late Lord Bicester) and of Lady Helen Smith,

who's a daughter of the Earl of Rosebery. Mr. Macdonald-Buchanan is the son of the whisky magnate, Major Reginald Macdonald-Buchanan, who is a steward of the Jockey Club, and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, of Cottesmore Hall, Northampton.

*continued overleaf*

is a mining engineer. He works in the for one of the most famous of the world's mining corporations.

They will have a wedding ceremony and Solemn Mass at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea, followed by a reception at the House of Commons.

Miss Hennessy's ring is of emeralds and diamonds in an old gold setting—an heirloom in the Elwes family. Her own family gave its name to the famous brandy, and her sister is married to Mr. Peter de Zulueta, the Prime Minister's secretary.

Friends will fly to Dublin for the wedding in Howth on St. George's Day (23 April) of Miss Susan Gaisford-St. Lawrence, who is being married to Mr. Robert Turville Constable Maxwell. He is the eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. David Turville Constable Maxwell of Bosworth Hall, Rugby. It's a triple-barrelled name, but unhyphenated. Mr. Turville Constable Maxwell works on the

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

Mr. Macdonald-Buchanan, who is in his father's business, has given his fiancée an antique diamond engagement ring. The wedding is on 26 April.

A 1960 bride who had her big day just before Lent was Miss Jacqueline Harris, 20-year-old daughter of Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Arthur ("Bomber") Harris & Lady Harris. She married the Hon. Nicholas Assheton, stockbroking son of Lord Clitheroe (former Tory Party chairman, and better known as Ralph Assheton) & Lady Clitheroe. After a North African honeymoon they will settle in London, in a flat at Campden Hill.

Only the two families and close friends were asked to the ceremony because (as was explained on a printed slip enclosed with the invitation) accommodation in Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, is limited. As it was, some people were standing at the back.

At the reception, held at the Hyde Park Hotel, the man everybody wanted a word with was "Bomber" Harris, slightly plumper and greyer now than when he was wartime chief of Bomber Command. After a postwar sojourn in South Africa, he lives quietly at Goring-on-Thames, and his great hobby is to drive Mr. George Matthey's coach-and-four from the Mitre Hotel at Oxford to Blenheim Palace. "I expect I shall do it again this summer, if I feel strong enough and if Mr. Matthey is kind enough to trust me with it," he told me. Mr. Matthey was at the wedding reception.

Wedding footnote: Full marks to the ushers, led by Mr. Robin Herbert, for the businesslike way they acted as trainbearers after the bridesmaids had fled (to the buffet).

## THAT FORK LUNCH

From this year's brides to this year's debes... Mrs. Alan Campbell-Johnson gave a fork lunch at her flat in Victoria for friends of her daughter, Virginia, who is coming out this year. There were about 24 girls in all.

## BRIGGS by Graham

Miss Jeannette Constable Maxwell had reassuring news about her dance at Sutton Place, the new home of Mr. Paul Getty: "When the Duke of Sutherland had the house he used to put props under the ballroom floor to stop it falling down. But Mr. Getty is lowering the floor two feet and putting iron girders underneath—they'll be much better than the props."

Throughout the flat there was a babble of conversation, a flutter of notebooks. I met two South American girls. Nordic-looking Miss Mary Lou Simonsen of Brazil explained her English coming-out this way: "Father suggested that I come out in London and my mother liked the idea of coming to London for the season." In most of the South American countries girls come out at 15. The result, Miss Maria Martinez informed me, is that "in Venezuela, at any rate, everybody seems to be married by 18. One should be gay and crazy until 20, don't you think?"

Not all the chatter was about parties. Miss Virginia Campbell-Johnson talked about the three-year fashion course which she will start at St. Martin's School of Art in September. And though there is to be a dance for Miss Patricia Everts (given by her grandmother Lady Ismay) she only intends going to Ascot and some of the parties, because as she said to me: "I'm much more interested in getting to Oxford or Cambridge to read history."

Dressmaking three afternoons a week, plus parties, is the summer schedule for Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith. "My father says that I will be much cheaper to keep if I can sew," she said. She struck me as the sort of girl that no young man would question on her sewing.

## SUPPER AFTER THE SHOW

The Polly Elwes Players had three sell-out performances of *As Long As They're Happy*, at the King George's Hall. This amateur company keeps doing better. "Our first

year we made £50 for charity," Miss Lavinia French told me. "Last year we made £1,000 and this year we hope to make £1,200." Miss French was the moving force behind the first production. But this year she was too busy domestically to participate, having moved into and decorated a flat in Chelsea. Instead she contributed a supper party after the show in her new flat.

"It's nice to see so much food around," observed the Hon. Clodagh Morris. "Most of us went straight from work to the show and didn't have any dinner." Miss Morris is the pretty blonde daughter of Lord Morris.

Miss Polly Elwes, who glitters in TV panel games and news reports, was so busy she had to hand over this year's production to Mr. Christopher Bosanquet. "A good tip from Polly's productions," he said, "was to keep saying right through the rehearsals, 'Now that was g-h-a-s-t-l-y!'" Her brother and sister, Mark and Jessica, were in the cast, also a cousin, Gervase, who is an industrial designer. Having relatives in the cast cuts both ways, Miss Polly Elwes told me. "You've got to discipline them occasionally and you can't have them making fun of you."

In the audience there were more dinner jackets than are usually seen at a first night. I was told that most of the guests wearing them were lawyers. Mr. Justice Barry was the leading legal luminary present. Friends were also delighted to see Mr. Justice Elwes, who has made a splendid recovery from a recent heart attack. But I always thought that pigs rather than the stage were his hobby. "The most charming animals," he said. "But alas! I've given them up—just in time, too, by all accounts."

Others I saw were: Baroness Ravensdale of Kedleston, Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, Alice Countess of Gainsborough, whose son the Hon. Gerard Noel (Liberal candidate for Argyll in the General Election) was the leading man. "I thought him very good indeed, especially after he lost his nervousness," she told me.

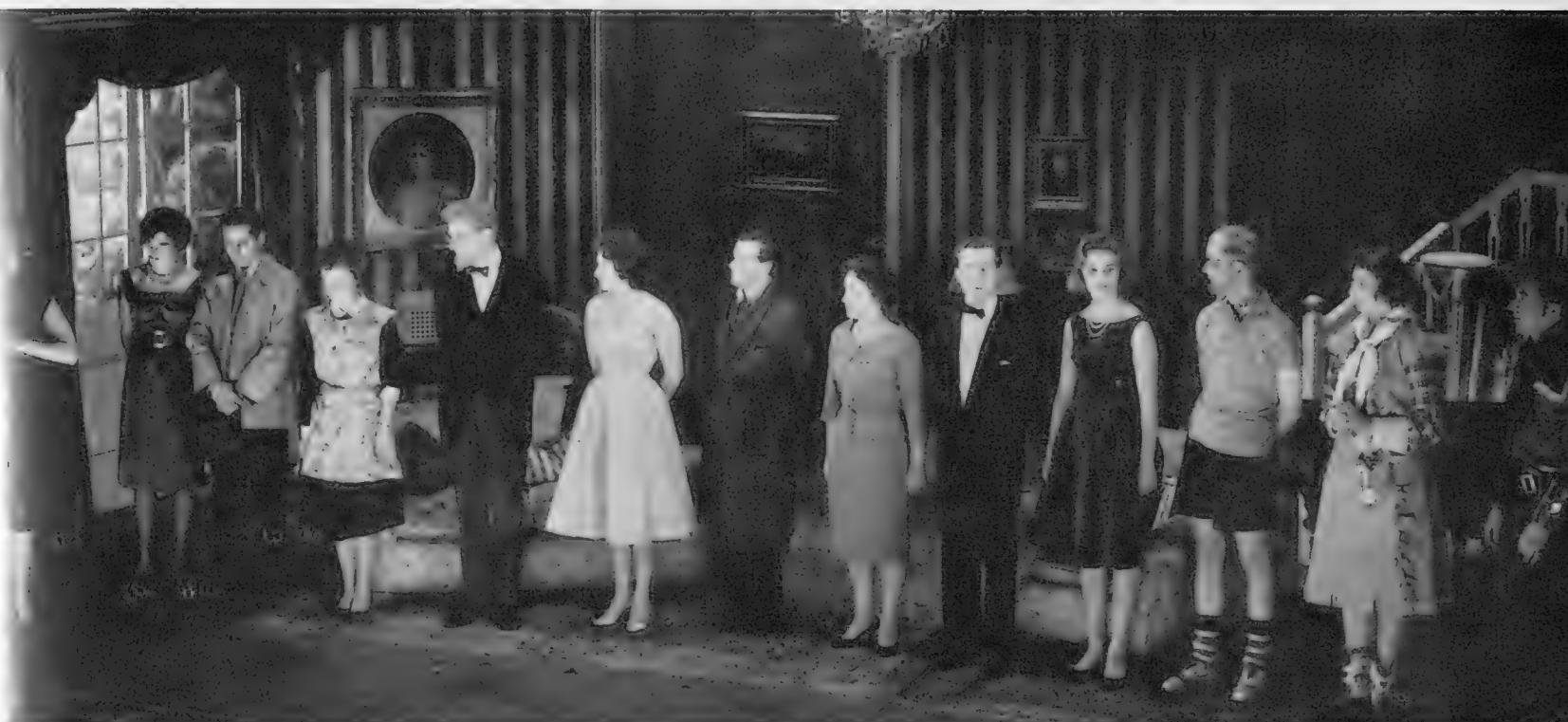


*Mr. Christopher Bosanquet (right), the producer. Below: Miss Polly Elwes (talking to her cousin Mr. Gervase Elwes) usually produces, but this year her television commitments were too heavy. In the audience: Miss Jenifer Hanbury-Tracy (below, right) and Harriet Lady Thompson (below, far right)*



# FIRST NIGHT

The Polly Elwes Players' annual production for charity



*The cast lined up after the play ("As Long As They're Happy" by Vernon Sylvaine) and Miss Polly Elwes (extreme left) said a few words. Left to right: Julia le Mesurier, John Chichester-Constable, Jessica Elwes, John Andreae, Victoria Mathias, the Hon. Gerard Noel, Portia Younger, Mark Elwes, Katherine McLean, Stephen Bingham, Diana Constable-Maxwell and Gervase Elwes*



PHOTOS : TOM HUSTLER

*Mr. & Mrs. Dominic Elwes (above) were in the front row of the stalls. After the show, Miss Lavinia French (right) was hostess at a party in her new flat in Chelsea. The guests included (above, middle) Miss Dorothy Eyre and the Hon. Mrs. Gerard Noel, and (above, right) Mr. Richard Fitzherbert-Brockholes*



# THE CHANGING RUNGS OF OKAY JOBS

ooking ahead, the tip is:  
the architect



## THE TOP TEN

### SOCIETY PHOTOGRAPHER

*Think of  
you-know-who*

### PUBLISHER

*Think of  
the Prime Minister*

### INTERIOR DECORATOR

*Think of  
Mr. David Hicks*

### LLOYD'S UNDERWRITER

*Think of  
the Hon. Clive Bossom*

### ART OR ANTIQUE DEALER

*Think of  
the Hon. Patrick Lindsay*

### ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE

*Think of  
Mr. Robin Douglas-Home*

### TV INTERVIEWER

*Think of  
Mr. Christopher Chataway*

### INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER

*Think of  
the Marquess of Queensberry*

### JAZZ MUSICIAN OR CRITIC

*Think of  
Mr. Humphrey Lyttelton*

### ARCHITECT

*Think of  
Sir Hugh Casson*

**A**S AN OKAY CAREER the Army, diplomacy and the Church are not what they were. For a start they are rotten payers, and a gentleman has to live, especially now that death duties have done so much damage to private incomes. Also the postwar Army is . . . well, rather mixed? Diplomacy can hardly be taken seriously now that even an ambassador is outflanked by his flying Foreign Secretary. And the Church—it does seem to attract the oddest people. Romantic fiction is always a guide in these matters, and when do you read a story with a parson for the hero, or an acting captain, or a first secretary? If you ever do, you can be sure that the author is going to make him look a fool before the finish. In the 'sixties, social approbation requires a more appealing occupation, and if anyone still has doubts the point is dramatically demonstrated by Princess Margaret. Society photographer clearly tops any Top Ten of contemporary okay jobs. But . . . caution! Any social-climbing parent contemplating buying the boy a set of lights and a camera should consider that society photography is a small, small field—on the way to being overcrowded even before its most successful practitioner dropped out. For an okay career, better scan the ladder on this page (starting at the second rung down). Any of these are occupations for a gentleman, 1960 vintage. But for the farsighted, searching for an up-and-comer, The TATLER tips the one at the bottom: the architect. Across the Atlantic, according to Mr. Vance Packard, his status already ranks him in the class immediately below presidents. And there's no doubt that he's moving up over here, too. The commissions are cascading, and the successful architect, despite multiplying assistants, can hardly cope. The architect may not often build a house, but then think of all the offices. Besides, there are so many other okay sidelines he can take on—designing furniture, decorating interiors, even photography. . . . Anyway, this seems to be the thing to put your son into, and the pictures on the following pages show the wide front on which he'll gain the chance to score. Incidentally, guess how Mr. Armstrong-Jones started his career. Studied architecture at Cambridge. . . .



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER HILL



*It's the diversity that makes architecture such a good bet. If Mr. James Stirling (top) hadn't made his name with the Ham Common flats he could probably have done it with his camera. He is an expert architectural photographer, and uses his own photographs to illustrate his lectures*

*The necessary blend of artistic sensitivity and practical grasp that successful architecture demands can so easily be applied in other departments of design. Mr. Paul Boissevain applies it to lamps. He designs them for Merchant Adventurers in the distinctive style of the example with him in the picture. His design for a technical college won Glasgow's competition*



## THE CHANGING RUNGS OF OKAY JOBS concluded

The many frustrations of architecture (especially having your design judged by the borough surveyor—or his clerk) seem to stimulate the growth of parallel talents. Here are four examples of versatility, each successful with buildings, too. Teaching occupies Mr. C. St.J. Wilson (top), who is a partner of Sir Leslie Martin. They instruct in Wilson's own delightful extension to the School of Architecture in Cambridge. Right: Illustrating books is a sideline of Mr. Peter Shepheard, town-planner and landscape designer. His hobby is natural science. Below: Kitchen fittings are the speciality of Mr Alan Gore. He converts kitchens, designs the contents, and was a consultant on one of the first built-in cookers. Does shop fittings. Bottom: Industrial design interests Mr. Neville Conder, a partner of Sir Hugh Casson. With him, but out of focus at the request of the G.P.O., is a new telephone booth he has designed



# Collections? I covered them

by LORD KILBRACKEN

IT MAY WELL be widely imagined that I am totally unqualified to write about Spring Fashion. On the contrary, it happens that I'm an expert. Last year, for four days, I became the Fashion Correspondent, or at least the Assistant Fashion Correspondent, for a popular (*very* popular) daily London newspaper, and I went to Paris to "cover" the spring collections. Which *must* mean I'm an expert.

Admittedly, at the time I was the Editor's white-haired boy, and when one is in that happy position he is likely to agree to anything, regardless of cost. (Later, with no reasons given, he or his successor doesn't answer your letters, but that's journalism.) It was all quite simple: I was in London and felt like a week in Paris so I took a bus to Fleet Street.

"How," I asked the Editor, "would you like a couple of pieces from Paris—on the spring collections from the male point of view?"

The Editor would like it very much indeed, and at once handed me an air ticket from a special drawer of his, and 100,000 francs out of another. That's the way things happen in the newspaper world. His regular Fashion Correspondent, he told me, was in Paris already, but no matter; she was sweet and we'd get on fine.

Next day I flew off to Bourget and the Viscount was full of other experts. My next-door neighbour was a high-powered business woman who called it "*haughty couture*" and told me frankly she was a fashion pirate. She had a photographic memory, attended all the shows (paying up to £200 for a seat) and worked frantically between them on sketches of the models.

She also told me, positively, that I hadn't the smallest hope of getting to any of the premières; I should have applied three months earlier. This was awkward.

My colleague in Paris, who didn't somehow seem too pleased to see me, was of exactly the same opinion. It was like the Mad Hatter's Tea-party: there was no room at Balmain's, she said, no room at Balenciaga's, no room at Chanel's. As for Dior's, so far from there being seats, there would already

be 60 standing on the staircase, which can just hold 45.

"You might get in at —'s, or —'s, or —'s," she said, mentioning three dressmakers of whom, unfortunately, I had never heard.

This wasn't quite good enough, so I rang up Pierre Balmain. A joke had existed between us for some months, because I once described him in a newspaper article as being "short and beaming" and he had taken mock-offence at this. (Actually, he *isn't* short, but seems to be because he always surrounds himself with immensely tall model-girls. He *is* beaming, but I think he misunderstood this as referring, in some probably uncomplimentary way, to his measurements amidships.) So, whenever we met, *he* would walk on tiptoes holding his arms straight at his sides, roaring with laughter, shouting: "Long and skeeny! Long and skeeny!" *I* would get down on my knees.

"Please may I come to your press-show tomorrow," I said, "if I describe you as being dark, extremely handsome, and nine feet high."

After five minutes of verbal by-play, it turned out that there were indeed no tickets left for his première. Then he had an inspiration: would I not come instead to the special show that very evening for *les amis de la maison*? I must promise, of course, to write nothing till next day.

"Who exactly," I asked, "are *les amis de la maison*?"

"The boy-friends of the mannequins. The step-sisters of the *vendeuses*. The third cousins of the *midinettes*."

"I shall be honoured," I said. "I'll be a *midnette's* cousin."

We had an admirable evening, with plenty of bubbly and *jolies mesdames*; next morning, by chance, I met my colleague in the street.

"Just off to Balmain," she said, very off-hand.

"Ah, yes," I replied. "It's not bad—saw it yesterday."

Having conquered M. Balmain, I turned my attention to Dior. There was, I knew, an English mannequin at Dior's—as a matter

of fact there were three, out of a *cabine* of 13—with whom I could claim a mutual acquaintance. A mannequin with whom one can claim a mutual acquaintance is always an asset, and now it was to be invaluable. I telephoned:

"*Passez-moi le mannequin Christine*," I requested. (Paris model-girls are always known only by their *prénoms*. This is just as well if you have a surname, such as Pugh, which no Parisian could possibly pronounce. If you have an equally unpronounceable *prénom*, such as Bronwen, you invent a new one: e.g. *Bella*. It is also to be remembered that in French a mannequin is masculine.) A mere ten minutes later, Christine was on the line.

"So-and-so said I should call you. How about a cocktail?"

We met at the little bar across the *place* from Dior's, called the Fontaine-de-something, and had one—two—three champagne cocktails on my expense account. Then we had lunch. Then we had a *fin*. Then we walked back to Dior's, which was in a state of the most complete disorder in view of the show next day. Christine disappeared for 15 minutes, to return bearing a gold-embossed invitation which had a surface area of approximately 72 square inches. "*Monsieur Christian Dior à l'honneur, &c.*"

I was expecting to find myself sardined on the staircase, but was led to a gilt chair in the principal *salon*, and it had been thought tactful and considerate to place me next to my colleague. She was just a little surprised to see me there. "There's *plenty* of room," I said, like Alice.

There were five other males in the audience of 300. The 13 model-girls showed 182 models in 140 minutes. I enjoyed myself.

Afterwards there were the usual emotional scenes amid the champagne and exploding flash-bulbs: the model-girls weeping openly from the relief of tension, the *vendeuses* falling equally openly on one another's shoulders, and Yves St. Laurent, looking about 16, embracing his favourite mannequin, a ravishing Chilean called Kouka.

I left. I'd been sent to cover the collections. I'd covered them.



Thistledown light mushroom pure silk chiffon makes Mandell's sheath dress with its floating over-skirt and cowled back. Price: 15½ gns., from Barri-Moore, Knightsbridge, James Howell, Cardiff, Chanal, Leeds. Toning crystal ear-rings and bracelet, *en suite* from Susan Handbags, cost respectively £2 9s. 6d. and £6 19s. 6d.

#### COVER KEY (pictures below)



TUNIC DRESS in pure silk by Emilio Pucci of Florence printed with a multi-colour design on white will soon be on sale at Woollards. Photograph by Michael Dunne



HIGH HAT by Simone Mirman is of cinnamon chip straw with a stiffened tulle brim trimmed with matching straw. Photograph by Priscilla Conran who also took the two alongside

# SPRING FASHION

FASHION for spring 1960 is floating and feminine with filmy chiffons, organzas and silks used in profusion for afternoon and evening dresses. But designs are simple, the sleeveless, collarless, unadorned frock is in, so are long bodice lines with any fullness springing from below the hip. Skirts can be as short as sense dictates and legs permit. The tunic dress, the brief loose-fitting boxy jacket and the straight skirt, peg-topped into gently unpressed pleats at the waistline, are all firmly established. Sleeves are three-quarter length, hats are high. Lucky colours—both cross-Channel imports—are pale wistaria and Dior's new Vert Tigé. Points to remember: black ciré ribbon for tie-belts and trimmings, wide sash belts of fine suède with fringed ends, sleeveless silk blouses and the ever-increasing use of leather. David Ollins took the black and white pictures, the jewellery is from Susan Handbags, Regent Street, and the flowers are by courtesy of the Flowers Publicity Council

For Ascot (*opposite*) a pale lilac silk organza dress from Lanvin-Castillo is tied at the waist with toning satin ribbons. This model can be copied to order at Debenham & Freebody's at the end of March. Matching hat will also be available at Debenhams. Colour photograph in the Lanvin-Castillo salon by Norman Eales



ITALIAN SHOES in blonde glove-calf can be found at Pinet of New Bond Street. The toes are long, with a diamond-shaped motif, the heels high but not exaggerated. The price is 8 gns



NEW HANDBAG in black calf has flap fastening and gilt mounts, is lined throughout with suède. Available at Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly. The price is £16 11s. 6d.





Typical of the many diaphanous, feather-weight dresses in the Paris spring collections, this model in pale yellow silk chiffon was shown by Pierre Balmain. The matching hat is trimmed with roses and white lilac. The dress can be copied to order at Debenham & Freebody at the end of the month. Colour photograph by Norman Eales



*The gossamer touch*

The feeling for floating, diaphanous draperies repeated in this Gina Couture model made of many yards of lime yellow Swiss nylon mounted on toning taffeta and layers of petticoats. At Chanelle, London & branches, Fenwicks, Newcastle, Gertrude Read, Torquay. Price: about 19 gns. Otto Lucas hat, pink peony petals from Fortnum & Mason. Shoes from the London Shoe Company, price: 7 gns.





Honey coloured silk tweed (*opposite*) makes a sleeveless dress and jacket bound with white silk braid. A Mr. Mort model in the American idiom, it is at Harrods, London; Leaders, Leeds, and branches; Pettigrew & Stephens, Glasgow. Price: 11 gns. Otto Lucas high hat in honey straw at Harrods.

Up-to-the-minute jersey three-piece from the Swiss House of Hanro, famous for high-quality knitwear. With the powder blue and beige check cardigan suit is worn a short-sleeved blue blouse. Available shortly at Marshall & Snelgrove, London and Leeds; Kendal Milne, Manchester. Price: 38 gns

*The trim casuals*

*The gay imprimés*

This pure silk dress with its  $\frac{3}{4}$  coat would be appropriate for many summer engagements. Shaded grey roses are scattered on a white ground. The dress has short sleeves and, like the coat, is fully lined. A Roter model at Harvey Nichols, London; Howells, Cardiff; King's Fashions, Glasgow. Price: about 44 gns. The Otto Lucas hat of white flowers is at Harvey Nichols; the shoes at the London Shoe Company. Price: 7 gns.



Versatile, too, is the décolleté sleeveless dress and jacket which can do duty for a day's racing followed by cocktails and dinner. Made of pure silk with black roses on a white ground by Harry B. Popper, it can be bought at Nora Bradley, Chelsea; Dalys, Glasgow; Miss Stewart, Harrogate. Price: 58 guineas. The Otto Lucas hat of black straw trimmed with cherries is at Harvey Nichols. Pearls from Susan Handbags, Ranelagh Street.



## The tunic trend

A straight cardigan jacket without collar or cuffs is as fashionable as ever, particularly when worn (as right) over an easy-fitting sleeveless shantung blouse. This Kashmoor in beige double-knit jersey is lined with toning shantung printed with the white Chinese motif used for the blouse. At Irene & Hollingsworth, London; Dingles, mouth; Bladons, Hull. Price: 14 gns. Otto Lucas hat—at Debenham & Freebody

The tunic line, seen in every Paris collection, has already been translated into our own manufacturers' spring collections. The Marcus model (*opposite*), made in a fine black and white check wool worsted, has a long divided tunic which buttons down the back and is worn over a straight skirt. At Dickins & Jones, London; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Price: 31 gns. Otto Lucas hat in black straw obtainable at Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W.1





## *The chiffon season*

Chiffon, one of the season's most fashionable fabrics, will be seen as much by day as by night this summer. Jean Allen uses it in pure silk printed black on white for a garden-party shirtwaister. The frock mounted on black taffeta can be bought at Jay's, W.1; Bon Ton, Leicester; Morrisons, Glasgow. Price: 20 gns. Shoes from the London Shoe Company, price: 7 gns. Otto Lucas's black straw hat with roses at Dickins & Jones. For more hat pictures see page 513

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The darling of Paris, this version of the Tyrolean hat can be bought over the counter at the big department stores for a modest price. Parisians are doing just that



Pierre Cardin showed in his collection this high hat with affinities to the shape of a Grecian helmet. Made of black ciré plaited straw it is worn well down over the eyes



Dior's hard little straw top-knots are not easy to wear. The hair must be worn close to the head, scooped up into a light chignon at the back. The hats in a variety of materials were shown with both day and evening dresses

Sketches by Graz



## *The high hats*

Another Cardin model, obv'ously inspired by the Tyrolean line, is made in coarse pleated ciré straw in a dark tan. It is trimmed with a broad petersham band of the same colour

LONDON

High sheathing by  
Gianni at Simon  
of Knightsbridge



Terence Donovan

Young sophistication  
by Robert Fielding



A crowning top knot  
at French of London



John Cole

Tapered movement by  
Aldo at Simon of  
Knightsbridge



Terence Donovan

Still a Paris influence—  
Antoine de Paris



PARIS

Smooth wrapping at  
Nina Ricci



Norman Eales

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

## *The long and the short*

**P**ARIS piled hair high. London, however, is not having any. Even its own previous puffed-up shapes are being abandoned. London is sharpening scissors, pricking beehive shapes and planning to spring a smooth, shorter line this spring. No tears for the up-and-up hair-do. It needed an expert's precision and a well-trained brush. In fact, it needed more or less constant attention from your hairdresser. The built-up hair-do was due for a fall.

There's no doubting short hair is young, easier to care for. Equally, there's no question about the sheer flattery of long hair, swirled high, for neck and shoulders. What follows is that hair should be short with mild airiness on top by day, and get together with a switch by night for a top knot or wrapped-around look. No one but your hairdresser need know that it isn't all home grown.

In Berkeley Square, Alan Spiers is scissoring spring hair in the mould of his Bouncing Bob—non-bouffant with slight height on top and smooth sides flicking out at the ends. His colour compass includes milky coffee and chocolate, coppers, champagne and apricot blondes. **Plus point:** His new *Jumbo* perm, planned to perm hair lightly and speedily—it takes just two hours. Wound on big wooden rollers, the hair is treated to a sun-ray process and the solution is completely rinsed out. Costs 3 gns. and lasts ten weeks.

In new Caltex House, Knightsbridge, is Simon where hair fashion reaches new heights in an open-plan salon geared to take 30 people at a time. Scissors cut superbly and heads emerge with a faintly Edwardian air: close to the head at the sides and smoothly full-blown at the top. **Plus point:** Facials under the expert hands of Miss Miller, who smoothes beauty cares with her herbal treatments.

At the 20-odd salons of Richard Henry, customers are presented with a questionnaire, which gives a basis for his personality cut. **Plus point:** He thinks that the young have ideas of their own on hair and has backed his judgment to the tune of a new salon in Oxford Street (opening this week) which is manned by under-twenties who style hair to their teenage customers' taste.

Forecast for spring at André Bernard is short hair shingled at the back and lengthening forward on to the cheeks. **Plus point:** The hair clinic in Grafton Street where a staff of trichologists condition the hair and scalp. A clinical examination is followed by sun-ray, infra-red ray and high-frequency treatments to stimulate the scalp and help hair growth.

French of London's new salon at Bourne & Hollingsworth opened this week. The biggest in the country, it takes up to 120 people at one sitting and has cubicles for those who prefer them. **Plus point:** Busy people can save time with a shopping service which is done by proxy.



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# COUNTER SPY

New pale accessories for spring are unearthed here by a stainless steel garden fork from Harrods, price £5 11s. Palest Devonshire cream full-length French kid gloves come from a selection, price: £4 14s. 6d., also at Harrods. Roomy luxan hide handbag lined with grosgrain, can be bought at Finnegans for £9 10s. Caught in the bag are a pair of short white kid gloves embroidered with a pink rose: £2 19s. 6d. from a selection at Harrods. A pale olive satin stiff belt falls out of the bag. It can be made to order in customers' materials for 21s., this one is priced at 25s. 11d. and comes in many colours from the Belt Boutique, Knightsbridge. Mushroom nylon umbrella has a matching cover and is from a selection of French umbrellas at Harvey Nichols. Gilt-handled, it costs £7 19s. 6d. The ivory glacé kid shoe with its heel in a pot of daffodils (from Harrods) costs 8 gns. at Russell & Bromley, Knightsbridge. Scooped up by the stainless steel trowel (from a trowel and hand fork set at Harrods) is a medley of costume jewellery from Presents of 16 Dover Street. Eight-row necklace is made of translucent Mediterranean and smoke blue beads mixed with crystals: 28 gns. Carved gilt rose brooch: 5 gns. and a baroque pearl brooch set in gilt filigree: £3 7s. 6d.

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD  
MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN





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STANDING in front of the camera is as much of a skill as standing behind it—but many fashion models never realize it. To help them, Georges Arsac, a leading French

## *How to have your* **PHOTOGRAPH** *taken*

photographer, has opened a school in Paris. There he teaches girls how to give the lens a break. His idea is to get them to see themselves as the camera will see them. As part of the process he even gets them to take photographs themselves (*bottom left*). They



are also taught to walk and stand attractively (*top*), and M. Berger (*centre*) who has trained many famous dancers, gives them dancing exercises. Make-up lessons are supervised (*right*) by M. Arsac himself who believes that make-up can alter a mood, and insists on their learning the differences between make-up for black-and-white and colour photography. The school's pupils include fashion-house models, cover girls and débutantes







## Gourmets at the Wine and Food Society Dinner

M. André Simon (*above, left*), president and founder of the Society, was its guest of honour for his 83rd birthday. Guests at the Savoy include Mr. Bruce Todd and Mrs. Felix Hughes (*left*) from the Dublin branch of the Wine and Food Society Mr. J. J. Hurley, Mrs. G. I. Wood and Dr Peter Wardill (*far left*) and, in the picture above them, Mrs. M. P. Mistry and portrait painter Mr. James Gunn. M. Simon's birthday celebration—the Society's 317th "meeting" was also attended by the oldest member 93-year-old Mrs. C. C. Prideaux, who drove up from her home at Hastings

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL

*Joint meet of the Chilmark and School of Infantry Beagles*

## Beagles at Chilmark, Wilts

Miss Rosemary Holden with Miss Philippa Currie, who whips in for the Chilmark Beagles



Mr. J. D. Cameron and Mr. Charles Hardwick, who founded the Chilmark Beagles ten years ago and is their Master



Capt. J. D. Byrne. He will be joint-Master of the School of Infantry Beagles next season





Mr. Leigh Douse, huntsman of the Courtenay Tracey Otterhounds, and Mr. Derek Gardiner

At 83 Mr. Charles W. Andrews still follows beagles, foxhounds and buckhounds

Miss Paddy Hirst and Mrs. Trevor Hill (wife of the School of Infantry joint-Master) check the cap



# That casino complex . . .

**Don't gamble on betting shops to make Britain excitingly wicked**

says CLAUD COCKBURN

**A**n endearing characteristic of the British people is their starry-eyed belief that more is going on—or is just about to go on—than really is. The notion that everything from the weather to standards of public morality is changing at dazzling speed exhilarates them. Any sort of change will do, even one for the worse. Rather than suppose that life in the island is in parts sluggish to the point of stagnation, they positively welcome news that things are going to the dogs at a fast clip.

Men and women who for 20 years before the coming of TV spent their evenings at the cinema, playing bridge, or staring at one another in sullen vacancy, are the first to complain that TV has “ruined the art of conversation”—and is all set to addle the brains of the nation for good and all.

The belief in this whirl of change is naturally encouraged by newspapers and governments. For if nothing much is happening there is no need to buy a paper, and if the government is not shifting things about a bit, what is it actually being paid for? Thus, for months past, prospective changes in the nation's betting laws have given a shot in the arm to those who are happiest when they are thinking that some drastic joggle in the British character and way of life is just around the corner.

I have often found that, when bewildered by some situation or other in Britain, a good thing to do is to go to some other country and take a look at the said situation from there. (On this principle I viewed our last general election from a point near Toulon. From there I could assess the whole position with calm and clarity, even though sometimes irked and impeded by the apparent inability of some benighted French journalists to distinguish the fundamental aims of one party from those of another.) In this matter of the betting laws the obvious course was to go over to Dublin and points west and get a slant on whether being able to place your bet in a legal betting-shop, instead of by telephone or across some familiar bar, is going to do all that is asserted of it—for good or evil. I have lived in Ireland off and on for years without, I have to admit, giving much thought to the matter. But now the

time had come to probe, evaluate and draw grave conclusions. And I must report that the conclusion I have reached is not far short of dismaying.

Dismaying, that is, in the sense that it makes, so far as I can see, fairly soupy nonsense of about three-quarters of what is said and thought on the subject. It is also distasteful to me, as a journalist, to be forced even to hint that anything at all is less sensational than it is widely supposed to be. But the fact is that the central point of which my researches have convinced me is that the effect of legalized betting-shops on people's “way of life” and general behaviour is so slight as to be barely perceptible.

Naturally it is rather more comfortable to bet in the Irish way than in the British way—more comfortable, certainly, for the man who for whatever reason does not want to run a credit account. You just walk into the betting shop, study—if you choose—the form sheets pinned to the walls, place your bet and go about whatever other business you may have. Of course it is possible that these simple amenities may have brought about some softening of the Irish character, making the Irish gambler less rugged than the British. But, at least in Dublin, the pampered gambler is soon back in tip-top mental and physical trim as he faces the problem of how to get a drink after 10 p.m.

One repeatedly sees references to the alleged importance of making the British betting-shops-to-be “unattractive” to the customers. The idea seems to be that if there were a bit of carpet on the floor, some good reproductions of fine pictures on the walls, and *Music While You Work* roaring out of a loudspeaker, you and I would be tempted to forget all other business or pleasure and just stay there, placing bet after bet until ruined. But surely the kind of person who will spend a major part of his day in a betting shop will do it whether there is a carpet on the floor or not? And, furthermore, he will find a way to hang about placing bet after bet until ruined whether he does it legally in Dublin or illegally on a London street corner or the bar of his local.

Another aspect of the matter which seems to contradict much of what you and I and

a whole lot of other people are accustomed to think, and even say, on this topic, is that the superior Irish facilities for putting a few shillings or pounds on a horse seem not in any way to detract from the appeal of other forms of gambling. Just as one might justifiably assert that the British national sport is filling in football pool coupons, so, with at least equal justification, it can be argued that the national sport of the Irish is pongo—known also, elsewhere, as bingo or housey-housey. As an exercise in truly reverent and prayerful attention I have never, outside a cathedral, known anything to equal the hush of the devotees at an Irish pongo table when the man is calling the numbers.

And it is estimated by experts that the money crossing the pongo tables of Ireland year by year exceeds by many times the total expended by the population of the globe, not excluding Boston, on tickets for the Irish Hospitals' Sweep.

But is this pongo-addiction perhaps undermining, little by little, the sturdy Irish *morale*? The police, at least, seem not to think so. They say that the only time there was any trouble of that kind was when, soon after the war, there was a sudden influx of Italian gamesters who found life in postwar Italy—without the German Army or the British Army or the American Army to work on—becoming tedious and profitless.

These fellows dashed over to Dublin and planted fast-growing pongo games all over the place—many of them crooked. Then indeed there were complaints from wives that the housekeeping money was being squandered, from husbands that they never got a home-cooked meal (because the wife was out at the pongo).

Anyway, the effects on the moral fibre of the nation seem negligible. And if that is true of a great industry like pongo, it seems unlikely that the betting shops are sapping anything much either.

All this, I fear, must be distressing to those in Britain who are awaiting with barely controlled excitement the legalization of betting shops.

I by no means concur with the view of a character in one of Ezra Pound's poems who, speaking sourly of England, averred that “*you could amputate from just above the medulla and you wouldn't alter life in that island.*” But I am bound to say that my observations of the working of the Irish betting laws give me the feeling that anyone who is expecting the introduction of such a system to Britain to provide him in the months to come with deep excitement, or moral indignation, or just a delicious sense of how fast things are changing, is putting his money on a horse that will never reach the winning-post.



**W**HEN shadows fall, and the last skiers straggle home from the slopes, a new life begins in St. Moritz. The town itself, empty of visitors during daylight, takes on a new aspect as café windows steam up (with a throng of sweatered figures behind them taking a first hot drink for many hours) and neon lights paint the snow-packed streets in improbable pastels. Pet dogs are exercised and window-shoppers make another appraisal of Swiss watches. As cocktail time draws on, the stacked skis outside the cafés slowly disappear and hotel foyers become confused with returning skiers and new arrivals delivered by taxi or sleigh. Then, baths and dinner, and before long the dance floors are gay and crowded, like the one at the Chesa Veglia (*left*), where waitresses wear cantonal costume (*continued overleaf*)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DESMOND O'NEILL

## AFTER DARK in St. Moritz





## AFTER DARK in St. Moritz

CONTINUED



Once a stable for horses the Chesa Veglia is now St. Moritz's undisputed night-life leader. M. Bianchi, dinner-jacketed, is in charge of the grillroom, and looks in (above) at one of the dinner parties. The cold keeps many people inside their own hotels—no hardship as St. Moritz has more *de luxe* hotels than any other place in Europe. At the Palace (left) a hand of bridge produces the inevitable inquest. At the Suvretta House (left, below), which is virtually a self-contained winter sports centre outside the town, a frog-racing game diverts guests. At any of them a broken limb in plaster brings respect—Captain James Wyatt (below) collects signatures on his at the Kulm. He broke it on the Cresta





## VERDICTS

### *The play.*

**Watch It, Sailor!** Aldwych Theatre.  
(Kathleen Harrison, Cyril Smith, Esma Cannon, Josephine Massey.)

### *The films.*

**The Wreck Of The Mary Deare.** Director Michael Anderson.  
(Gary Cooper, Charlton Heston, Virginia McKenna, Michael Redgrave, Emlyn Williams.)

**The Four Hundred Blows.** Director François Truffaut.  
(Jean-Pierre Leaud, Claire Maurier, Albert Remy, Patrick Auffay.)

**Never Take Sweets From A Stranger.** Director Cyril Frankel.  
(Gwen Watford, Patrick Allen, Felix Aylmer, Bill Nagy, Janina Faye.)

### *The books.*

**Too Young To Love.** Director Muriel Box. (Thomas Mitchell, Pauline Hahn, Joan Miller, Austin Willis.)

**The Ballad Of Peckham Rye,** by Muriel Spark  
(Macmillan, 15s.)

**The Glittering Coffin,** by Dennis Potter (Gollancz, 18s.)  
**Ritual In The Dark,** by Colin Wilson (Gollancz, 18s.)  
**Swans At My Window,** by Ginny Brown (Heinemann, 16s.)

### *The records.*

**Kid Ory & His Creole Jazz Band**  
**Jelly Roll Morton & His Red Hot Peppers**  
**Clarinet Jamboree,** by Bilk, Brown & others.  
**Jimmy Witherspoon Singin' The Blues.**

### *The galleries.*

**Paintings by Osborne,** Hanover Gallery.  
**Paintings by Leonard Koven,** Savage Gallery.

## Return to the Hornets' nest

FIVE YEARS AGO, REVIEWING PHILIP King's and Falkland Cary's *Sailor Beware!* at the Strand Theatre, I wrote, "This is the mother-in-law joke to end all mother-in-law jokes." That it was wishful thinking on my part has now been proved by the same authors' *Watch It, Sailor!* at the theatre on the next corner in Aldwych.

What is more, there is every chance of my being proved wrong again in a few years' time when *Watch It, Sailor!* ends its inevitably long run. For whereas Mr. King and Mr. Cary must have deemed it fortunate, when they saw the huge success of *Sailor Beware!* that they had left the play's ending "up in the

air" thus inviting a sequel, there is no doubt that they have deliberately contrived to end the sequel in the same way so that yet a third instalment of the Hornett family saga will be possible.

It is a chastening thought for the critic, who finds the two instalments already written so alike that, were it not that the second has different directors and a predominantly new cast, his review of the first would largely serve again. But fortunately not quite everybody saw *Sailor Beware!* and those who did may be assumed to have short memories.

So the authors' first concern when the curtain rises is to give a "recap" of the story so far, and it is adroitly done. We are back in the living-room in "a small, inland town" where we left the Hornets five years ago, but only a few minutes have elapsed.

Able Seaman Albert Tufnell, who had the unprecedented temerity to tell Ma Hornett what he (and everybody else) thought of her, and then stood her daughter Shirley up at the altar, has returned to the nest and the wedding is on again in a few more minutes' time. But though Ma has not yet appeared her withering spirit hangs over the household like a hawk over a rabbit warren. Temporarily deflated by Albert she made a truce, but there was no armistice, and when a mysterious telegram arrives commanding him to put off the wedding Ma puts on the trousers again with relish and is ready to take on the whole British Navy if necessary.

Inevitably Kathleen Harrison's Ma is very different from the original bulldozing foghorn created by Peggy Mount. There is an uncomfortable realism about her snapping and snarling that makes her much more than a figure of farce. In her red wig she may look like a pantomime dame but though we laugh at her there is no chance of our laughing with her. She arouses in us an incongruously heartfelt understanding of why poor, henpecked Pa Hornett prefers his ferrets to his wife.

Incidentally, Cyril Smith, successfully repeating his original portrait of Pa, bears out the theory that pet-lovers grow to look like their pets with time. But that does

not affect our sympathy for him and, when his big moment arrives and he summons up the courage to blurt out "Turn it up!" to the she-dragon, he is so exactly expressing our sentiments we feel like cheering.

Strictly this sort of involvement with the characters should not happen in farce. That it does, again and again, reflects credit not only on the actors concerned but, even more, on Henry Kendall and André van Gysegem whose direction seems all the more impressive if we take a closer look at the dialogue. Here can be detected a continuous sound of barrels being scraped as the authors' search for

*continued on page 527*



WEDDING PREPARATIONS in *Watch It, Sailor!* Left: Hardened as he is to domestic uproar, Pa Hornett (Cyril Smith) plumbs yet another depth of dismay as he peers round the door. Right: Aunt Edie (Esma Cannon) and Ma Hornett (Kathleen Harrison) have a one-sided dispute over ironing

## Experiment in theatre



PHOTOS: ALAN VINES



*Audience members seated within a few feet of a stage set in the middle of the auditorium seemed barely able to restrain themselves from joining in the angry courtroom scenes of *Inherit The Wind* when the American hit play had its English première at Croydon's experimental Pembroke Theatre. Several West End managements made bids following the success of the "in-the-round" production and the play—inspired by the sensational "monkey trial" at Dayton, Tennessee, in 1925—opens tonight at the St. Martin's Theatre. The original cast remains, with Andrew Cruickshank repeating his rôle as defence counsel Henry Drummond. He is seen (top, left) with Henry McCarthy as the prosecutor*



gags that are too often as lame as:

"I'm your mother aren't I? That's more than your father can say." Or, "There's only one reason unmarried couples go to Brighton and it's not to eat jellied eels."

Yet through the inventiveness of the direction we actually find ourselves laughing helplessly at one character searching for a "clanger" dropped by another!

In fairness to ourselves we hasten to add that the searcher is Esma Cannon, whose performance as Ma's pathetic little bird-brained, spinster sister-in-law Edie, is the pure gold that farce-writers' dreams are made on. Wringing her gnomely face out in her hand as realization dawns upon her, snuffling into her handkerchief as she recalls the "great sorrow" of her own betrayal at the altar, or simply pulling off the worn-out nice-hot-cup-of-tea joke far more times than the authors have any right to expect, she steals the scene every time she sets foot on stage.

There are some nice performances, too, in the roles of the younger generation. Ian Curry has just the right open-faced but tough forthrightness for Able Seaman Albert, and Fraser Kerr, as his best man, Carnoustie Bligh, A.B., successfully revives the joke of the shy Scottish Presbyterian surrounded by sinful Sassenachs. Wand Ventham is decorative as well as vivacious as the bridesmaid determined to be a bride, and Josephine Massey, who plays Shirley Hornett, does as well as can be expected in a part that has more tears than lines.

Ann Lancaster and Stanley Beard complete the cast.

Reading through this notice I perceive that I have worked up more enthusiasm for this farce than I am aware of having felt in the theatre. It is probably a case of distance lending enchantment, but there is no doubt that, whatever it was the King and Cary team did for their 1½ million customers in *Sailor Beware!*, they have done it again—exactly.



## Thank heaven for Mr. Innes

WHILE WILLINGLY CONCEDING THAT the cinema has every right to propound philosophies and discuss (without trying to solve) problems, I confess I give a great sigh of relief when it attempts to do no more than tell a rattling good adventure story as well as it could possibly be told: when the attempt actually succeeds, as is the case in **The Wreck Of The Mary Deare**, I feel it is fun to be a film critic—and am inclined to withdraw a claim for "danger money" made on the strength of the monstrous number of horror pictures to which one is defencelessly exposed.

Based on a novel by Mr. Hammond Innes (whose excellence as a storyteller was recently extolled by our book critic), and splendidly directed by Mr. Michael Anderson, the film opens exhilaratingly with a small salvage vessel, owned by Mr. Charlton Heston and Mr. Ben Wright, butting her way by night through the storm-lashed English Channel: suddenly in the darkness a great freighter, carrying no lights, bears down upon her. This is the Mary Deare, out of Hong Kong.

Fire smoulders in her, a single life-boat dangles from her side: she appears to have been abandoned.

Mr. Heston, scenting salvage money, boards her—strongly urged by his partner, Mr. Wright, to search first for her manifest and check that she carries no explosive cargo. This he does and, reassured, is about to continue his investigations when he is pounced upon by a man, Mr. Gary Cooper, who claims to be the captain and orders Mr. Heston off the ship.

It's an order that, because of the heavy seas, cannot be obeyed—and Mr. Heston, understanding nothing of Mr. Cooper's purpose, becomes an accomplice in stranding the Mary Deare on a reef known as "the Minkies" and keeping her whereabouts secret until an official inquiry can be made into her cargo.

Mr. Heston's simple but reluctant faith in Mr. Cooper is rocked at the frigid Court of Inquiry in London. Is Mr. Cooper, as Messrs. Michael Redgrave, Emlyn Williams and Alexander Knox contend, an incompetent with a well-earned reputation as a wrecker—or is he an honest but jinx-riden man fighting, against cunningly rigged odds, to keep his master's ticket?

Miss Virginia McKenna, as the daughter of the Mary Deare's original captain, from whom Mr. Cooper took over in mysterious circumstances, has confidence in her father's successor (usurper?). If you have any in me, you will dash off to any cinema showing this exciting film—and I have so much in *you* that I'll wager you will enjoy it.

Twenty-eight year old M. François Truffaut offers, in **The Four Hundred Blows**, an unsentimental but poignant study of a baffled 12-year-old—drawn with such insight that one is tempted to consider it a portrait of the director as a boy, though it may simply be that this newest member of France's *nouvelle vague* has a profound sympathy with the misunderstood and maltreated young.

The boy (beautifully played by Jean-Pierre Leaud) is made to feel unwanted by his mother (Mlle.

*continued overleaf*



THREE STEPS TO TRAGEDY. Top: *Olderberry, Sen.* (Felix Aylmer) tempts the two little girls (Janina Faye & Frances Green). Middle: *His son visits the parents* (Gwen Watford & Patrick Allen). Above: Police searchers find a grim clue. From *Never Take Sweets From A Stranger*



BEGIN YOUR LANCÔME CARE YOUNG  
...TO REMAIN VERY LOVELY

FRAICHEUR with water, will cleanse  
and clear.

NUTRIX ensures your skin beauty

HARMONIE for a daytime magnolia  
finish to your skin

LANCÔME

Claire Maurier), who conceived him out of wedlock, and his essentially amiable but weak stepfather (M. Albert Remy). Unhappy at home, in trouble at school, he runs away—and, desperate for money, tries to steal a typewriter from his father's office.

He is handed over to the police who, though he is destined for a reformatory home for juvenile delinquents, treat him as if he were already a hardened criminal—and with such brutality that one could cry out in protest. Is there any chance that such a boy will later be able to rise above or at least see in perspective the disasters that seem overwhelming in childhood?

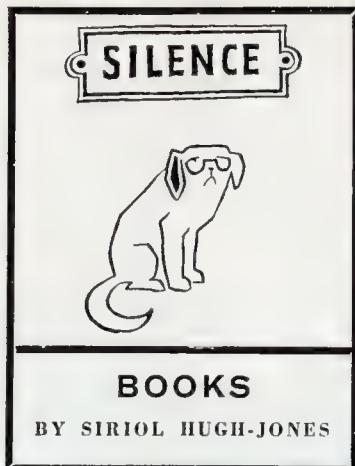
I gather, from the film's enigmatic ending, that M. Truffaut believes there may be. For myself, I regarded with admiration the "hero's" friend, René (Patrick Auffay), a self-sufficient small boy who has come to terms—his own terms—with the cruel world.

A prosperous little Canadian town is the setting for Mr. Cyril Frankel's admirably directed *Never Take Sweets From A Stranger* (made entirely, I was astonished to learn, in this country). An English schoolmaster (Mr. Patrick Allen) and his wife (Miss Gwen Watford), newcomers to the place, appal the natives by preferring charges of indecent behaviour against its leading citizen, Clarence Oldberry (Mr. Felix Aylmer), who, they allege, has induced their nine-year-old daughter (Miss Janina Faye) to dance naked for him.

Against the advice of their neighbours and even the police, all of whom feel indebted for their livelihood to the Oldberry family, the outraged parents insist on taking the old man to court. Thanks to local prejudice, a bullying defence counsel (Mr. Niall McGinnis) and the powerful influence of Oldberry's misguidedly loyal son (Mr. Bill Nagy), the case against him breaks down: he goes free—to commit a crime that shocks the entire community into the realization that children must, at all costs, be protected from psychopaths, however influential. (Mr. Aylmer, by the way, is scarily good as the wretched old man.)

In the hands of a less talented director this could have been merely a sensational film—but it isn't. There is a nightmare quality about a grim pursuit sequence and a macabre lakeside scene, but you will find no error of taste.

A screen version of the play *Pick-up Girl, Too Young To Love* demonstrates, glumly, that a 15-year-old girl is not too young to have casual affairs and an abortion and contract a venereal disease. Mr. Thomas Mitchell, as the judge of a juvenile court, gives a far better performance than this dismal cautionary tale deserves.



## Laugh—this will brain you

**JUST EXACTLY WHAT PROMPTED** Muriel Spark to write *The Ballad Of Peckham Rye* is one of the many—to me unanswerable—conundrums contained in this brilliant, shockingly entertaining and altogether extraordinary book. The scene is a marvellously poetic Peckham—its lodging houses, dance halls, pubs, factories and an underground tunnel that leads away from the police station. The central character—the man who causes trouble—is an adorable and wholly charming enigma called Dougal Douglas, or Douglas Dougal according to mood. He takes a preposterous job in a textile factory where they are looking for an Arts Man to put in charge of human research.

Miss Spark is not one to balk at putting a fiend into a novel, and maybe in fact the ruthless Dougal, who has vestigial horns on his forehead, is in fact a minor demon. (Where he walks, a refrigerator engineer says "No" at the altar, and at least one sad woman meets a violent death.)

I have no words to describe the precise, weird spell Miss Spark exerts over me, nor to convey the magic accuracy of her ear for conversations in the grocer's, her bizarre capacity for combining naturalism with fantasy, her kindness and her malice, her warmth and the ice in her eye, her economy, her wild, sly, glittering wit and the little way she has of slamming you over the back of the head while you're still laughing. You must and will read *The Ballad Of Peckham Rye* in one awestruck gulp, and then re-read it again immediately to make sure you got it right.

I also think everyone should have a bash at *The Glittering Coffin*, though the 23-year-old author, Dennis Potter, seems to me to do all he possibly can to conceal from the average reader what he is actually driving at. He is the son of a Forest of Dean miner, he recently came down from Oxford.

and when he writes about his own background he does so simply, movingly and intelligibly. In other sections of the book I thought I understood him to say that he believed that the younger generation was angry, wasn't angry, was lethargic, he was angry....

Out of this book, full of Mr. Potter flailing about in all directions and taking the edge off his nice new sword by thwacking it on the sillier aspects of the women's magazines, I felt someone could have chopped and pruned a sensible, vigorous set of articles.

*Briefly . . .* Colin Wilson's *Ritual In The Dark* is an immensely long, weird novel without punctuation marks about a young man who is writing a novel about Nijinsky's state of mind and falls in with a queer person called Austin who commits some nasty murders out of "a kind of inverted creative impulse." Maybe I shall just creep off quietly muttering that it is somehow not for me . . . and to cheer everyone up again, I recommend Ginny Brown's *Swans At My Window*, which is light reading and has the good sense and good manners not to pretend to be anything else. It is an endearing account of life on a submarine-chaser moored at Chiswick, and the climax comes as the boat sinks and a passing friend cries "Oh, look, the Browns must be having a party. They're throwing the furniture out of the hatches and everybody is wearing funny hats."



## New Orleans still the pace-setter

WHEN KID ORY'S CREOLE BAND played in England last autumn I was frankly rather disappointed by the only concert I was able to hear. The band seemed to be at odds with itself, and the featured trumpeter, Henry "Red" Allen, sounded much off form as compared with the last time I heard him in America.

Any misgivings which I had about this one sub-standard performance are more than disproved by the

excellent showing on their latest release (CLP1329). This session, made by an almost identical band to the one which toured Europe, marks the first occasion on which Allen played with the group. With virtually no rehearsal he filled the trumpet part with graceful ease, proving that a man trained and steeped in the tradition can quickly fit himself into any band playing in the same basic New Orleans style.

It is not such a long step from this music to Jelly Roll Morton's 1926 version of *Jelly Roll Blues*, one of the four gems featured on an EP of note (RCX168). Again Ory is prominent, along with great names like drummer Baby Dodds, and a galaxy of clarinetists, Johnny Dodds, Omer Simeon, Darnell Howard and Barney Bigard. When one listens to music of this calibre, one can excuse the attitude of some *aficionados* who think any jazz recorded after 1930 is beyond the pale.

I find it much harder to reconcile the stalwart but brash efforts of Mr. Acker Bilk and his Paramount Jazz Band, who have more or less set themselves up as Britain's answer to Morton, Ory, and all other comers. There is humour and gaiety in their approach, right down to the comic sleeves of both *The seven ages of Acker* (33SX1205) and *Acker Bilk omnibus* (NJL22). Unfortunately the unbridled enthusiasm of the performers far exceeds their ability to emulate the greatness that lies in the musical content of the New Orleans bands' performances. Nevertheless, I commend both these pieces as ideal for the more exuberant forms of dancing.

Mr. Bilk reappears on *Clarinet jamboree* (33SX1204), with other British clarinetists of the traditional following, Sandy Brown, Terry Lightfoot and Archie Semple. Each player has a track to himself, two tracks in the form of duets, and for good measure there is an amusing clarinet trio revival of Handy's *Boodle-am-shake*. This is in fact the

*continued on page 531*



Mr. Acker Bilk, "Britain's answer to Morton, Ory and all other comers"

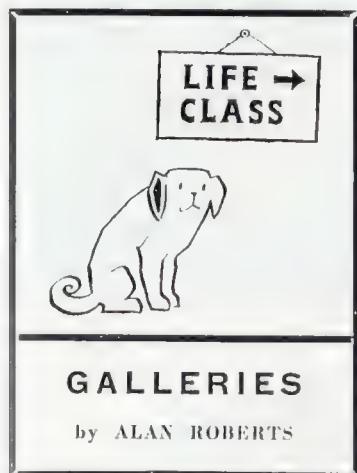
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**VERDICTS—continued**

best piece from a record full of subtle nuances, which shows our musicians in much better light than the earlier mentioned sessions.

A little known blues singer, Jimmy Witherspoon, sounds like an old hand at his job in an interesting album (LAE12218), which proves that the rhythm and blues upbringing which this artist experienced is a firm springboard from which to launch a career in the broader expanse of jazz. Like Jimmy Rushing, Witherspoon started with a Kansas City band, then launched out on his own. He is not a real shouter, in the sense that Rushing or Turner is, but he has a finely developed rhythm sense and an ease of delivery which is characteristic of the singers who trained in the Middle West.



## Orchestration in colour

OSBORNE (CHRISTENED CYRIL, BUT "Tim" to his friends) is a rare phenomenon among abstract painters. A Briton, born in London 50 years ago, his many one-man shows in Paris, Brussels, New York, Los Angeles and Havana have rightly earned him a considerable reputation abroad. But in this country, where admittedly he has spent few of his mature years, he was virtually unknown until his present exhibition at the Hanover Galleries.

Student years spent in Italy and the South of France implanted in him a craving for light and colour. They radiate from his canvases with a force that can be felt physically bombarding the retina. The only painting at the Hanover without this quality was done in Paris on a grey day, explains the artist.

One Paris critic has likened his pictures to the plays of Shakespeare, with their plots and counter-plots, but a closer analogy could be found in the realm of music.

With an orchestra of 26 colours arranged upon his palette he resists the temptation to rush at the

canvas emotionally and devotes himself first to the planning of his basic theme, always constructed upon strict Euclidean geometry. Then, surely sweeping in the main areas with a painting knife, he ensures the extraordinary luminosity that is the most striking feature of his work. Later, he may develop the theme with brushed-in passages, harmonies or subtle dissonances, and decorate it with arpeggios flicked or dripped on to the canvas in the *tachiste* manner.

He has been praised for his courage in uniting in his technique elements of several different modern movements, but my own feeling is that the *tachiste* touches in his larger paintings are, more often than not, irrelevant, insignificant or just plain irritating. They distract attention from the whole symphony.

Significantly, I find on reference to the catalogue that my own favourites in the show are the four works done in 1958 before, apparently, the artist began to embellish in this way.

Two of these, *Form On A Red Ground* and *Form On A Blue Ground*, while employing the same basic curve that is the key to so many of the later pictures, have a simple, static quality present nowhere else in the show. A third, *Victory*, shows the artist's root in Cubism with a multi-coloured form thrusting upwards like some giant rock formation in the making. The fourth, *Metamorphosis*, is unique, even in this show. A cool symphony in which yellows and greens predominate, it is nearer in feeling to one of Graham Sutherland's early tree-scapes than to anything else of Osborne's.

Less than an hour after discussing with Osborne the international art fever that is pushing small new galleries up like mushrooms all over the world, I was at the opening of London's newest newcomer—the Savage, in Old Brompton Road. This is the venture of master-framemaker Robert Savage, a friend, for longer than he cares to remember, of artists everywhere.

As might be expected, his gallery is beautifully appointed (Mr. Osborne, please note) and I shall look forward to my visits there.

His first exhibition is of recent work by a gifted and prolific "Sunday painter," Leonard Koven.

Remembering Degas' advice to Gauguin, that there are no amateur painters, only good and bad ones, I unhesitatingly place Mr. Koven among the good ones. If it were not so apparent that he paints not only for pleasure but also with pleasure I might suggest that he concentrate on the still-lifes, of which this exhibition contains a delightful example, instead of dispersing his talent among the landscapes and figure compositions with which he is not quite so successful.



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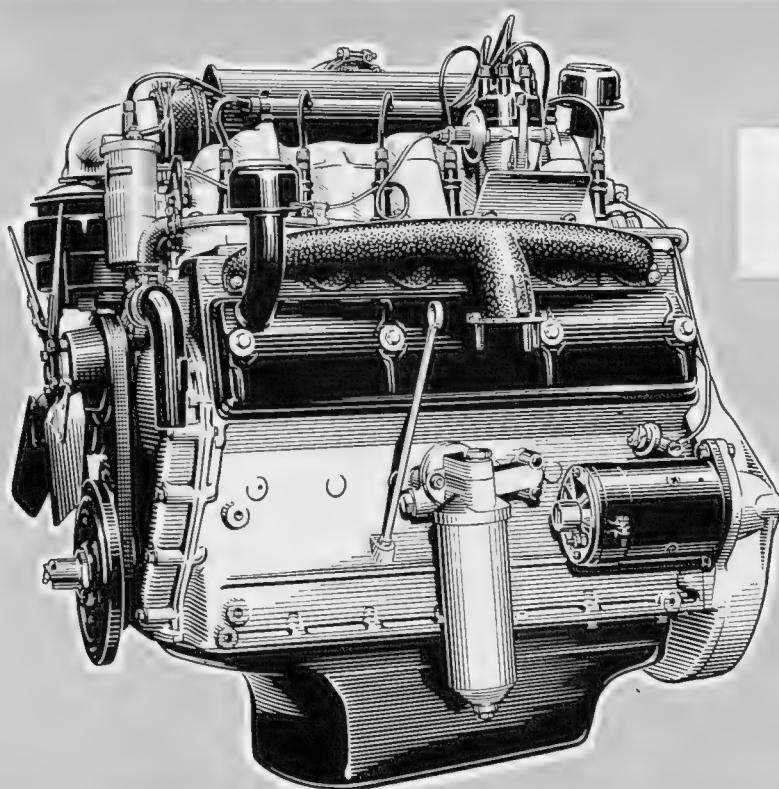
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## MOTORING

## The day I drove with the giants

by GORDON WILKINS

THE GOLDEN MORNING GLOW WHICH illuminates the experiences of our youth shines with special brightness for my generation on the fabulous period of Grand Prix racing between 1936 and 1939 when the Auto-Union and Mercédès were fighting it out in a blare of sound on the race tracks of the world. The cars were German, but the drivers were drawn from many nations—German, Austrian, British, Italian and Swiss—and bound together in an exclusive comradeship which cut across the nationalistic bombast of the time. For though the Germans were constantly assured by their Nazi rulers that they were the master race, the team managers knew only too well that no nation had a monopoly of the extraordinary skill and courage needed to drive these fantastic machines to the limits of their performance.

In spite of the fact that we were obviously heading for another world war, Mercédès had to call in a Briton, Richard Seaman, to complete their team; and in the Auto-Union team, whose 200 m.p.h. rear-engined cars were fiendish to handle, only three drivers ever mastered them, and of these two were Italians. To us, driving in sports car events like Le Mans, they were gods. Indeed they were not even allowed to run at Le Mans in case they suffered injuries which might interfere with their more exalted task.

But was it really so different from the motor racing we see today? I had no doubt about it, but on a recent visit to Stuttgart, I was given the chance to make a journey back into time and find out at first hand. Mercédès-Benz have recently built themselves a new test track adjoining the factory. It consists of two parallel straights joined by a long banked curve at one end and a hairpin bend at the other. Here the Mercédès management entrusted to me three irreplaceable exhibits

from their museum. The first was a modern single-seater, small and chunky, of the type which won the world championship in 1954 and 1955. Then came one of the V-12 supercharged 3-litre cars of 1939, developed from the model with which Richard Seaman won the German Prix in 1938. And finally, the most powerful road racing car ever built, the 645 h.p. supercharged straight eight single-seater of 1937.

I took the 1955 car first, as being the easiest to drive, and one with which I already had an indirect acquaintanceship through having driven hundreds of miles on the 174 m.p.h. sports version, the 300 SLR, which won the world sports car championship in 1955. The single seater was the short model, squat and square, which was used for twisty circuits like Monaco.

There is no struggle here. It is a car which, for anyone accustomed to fast cars, comes to the hand as easily as a familiar pair of gloves; a superbly responsive instrument on which the driver can quickly play any tune in his repertoire. Should he become too ambitious, there is quick, light steering to help him out of trouble in a flash, and servo brakes which are extremely powerful at high speeds, but require good hard pressure at low speeds.

First gear in the five-speed box is used only for racing starts and is then blocked off by a spring-loaded catch. Second is good enough for a rasping getaway, and third takes it rushing up to 100 m.p.h., with two more gears still in reserve. One has the impression that the only limits are set by the daring of the driver and the quickness of his reactions.

From there, I went back 16 years to the 1939 3-litre V-12 car, a longer, more streamlined, machine, which has more than 480 horsepower under the pedal. Because of the enormous thirst of the engine, with its two superchargers, space had

to be found for 88 gallons, some in the tail and the rest in a great tank over the driver's knees, with big connecting pipes each side of the cockpit. So one sits surrounded by expensive fuel far different from the ordinary petrol used in racing today.

The driving position and the whole feel of the car are different. It is not only the staggering surge of power which sends the car hurtling away with wheels spinning as soon as one presses the accelerator; it is heavier, less responsive, and far more of a handful and the task is complicated by the unfamiliar driving position, with the steering wheel fairly close up, so that one has to thrust the elbows out sideways. First gear gives 60 m.p.h., second takes it up to 109, third pushes it along to 133, fourth will give 157 and on top these cars had an absolute maximum of 195 m.p.h. But on these figures one must take the word of the Mercédès technicians, for on the test track the first three speeds give anyone plenty to keep him occupied.

It is now 21 years since these great machines were howling round the race circuits. They had the beginnings of modern handling qualities, but with so much more performance, allied to distinctly heavier and less responsive handling that one is left full of admiration for the drivers who pushed them to the limit.

So at last to the fantastic 645 horsepower monster of 1937. It is bigger and about six inches higher, and one descends deep into the cockpit to sit upright with a big wood-rimmed wheel close up against the chest. For the first part of the accelerator travel nothing at all seems to happen, then suddenly the power surges forth with awesome ferocity. At little more than idling speed there is already 170 horsepower on tap, and as the pedal goes down there is enough power to leave great black tracks of molten rubber

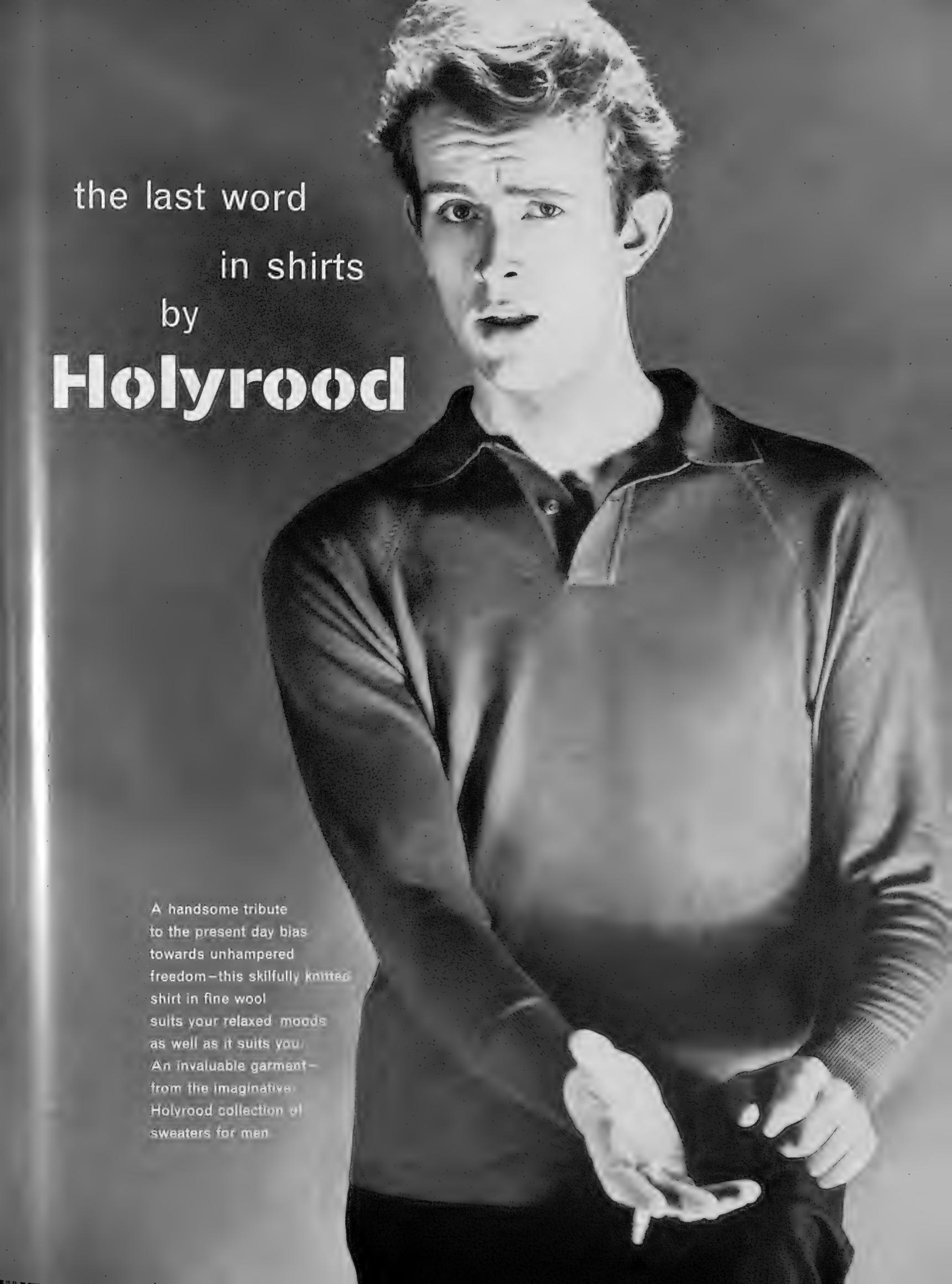
behind. But I left no molten rubber; the track was wet in places, and in these conditions there is enough power to produce wheelspin in any of the four gears right up to 100 m.p.h. The slightest indiscretion will set the tail sliding and it is far from easy to correct, for the steering is terribly heavy.

So off I went, giving it tommy-gun squirts of power, heaving at the wheel to correct the ensuing slides and tramping on the brake pedal with all my might to alarmingly little effect. The acceleration, accompanied by the whine of the supercharger and the raging din of the exhaust, was all the more breathtaking because one seemed to have so little control over events. They used to say that if a car went by at a steady 100 m.p.h. just as the driver in a stationary 1937 Mercédès let in his clutch to start away, he would have caught and passed the 100 m.p.h. car in less than a mile. After only a few minutes of trying to come to terms with this monster, my muscles were taut and tense but I was elated as I have never been in any other automobile.

I cut the engine and stopped. The great age suddenly seemed very near; the banners, the bands, the cheering crowds, the unforgettable noise and the strange sweet smell of acetone from the exhausts. Caracciola, Seaman, Lang, von Brauchitsch, and their rivals, Rosemeyer, Stuck, Nuvolari and Varzi; they were indeed giants, in courage, skill and sheer physical strength, to master machines like this. And all the time they drove they knew that a few moments of indiscretion with the accelerator could send the treads sky-high and reduce their tyres to ribbons. The best modern drivers could probably learn to do it, but they have no need. That was truly a different kind of motor racing, and we shall not see its like again.



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DINING IN

## Raw salads

by HELEN BURKE

AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR I GET a number of letters from people about to go on a raw vegetable diet—a kind of "spring-clean of the blood" as one reader wrote.

Fortunately, the vegetables and fruits of late winter and early spring are excellent for such diets.

Cabbages—Savoy, Dutch white and red—make a good foundation for as many different combinations as one can think up. Other vegetables? Green sweet peppers are back again in many greengrocer's shops. Carrots seem better than ever. Then there are beetroot, swede turnips, white turnips, cauliflower, green beans, mushrooms and horse-radish. The Danes use a lot of horse-radish as a garnish for their Smorrebrod. After scraping the outside they remove long, thin, curly strips with a potato peeler.

Undoubtedly, the best way to deal with vegetables to be eaten raw is to shred them. If you have an electric machine with a shredder attachment, I suggest that you use it—we tend to let such attachments rest in their storage drawers. I urge everyone who owns such a machine to keep it always at the ready, protected by a plastic cover, so that it can be used at a moment's notice. (I hate a cluttered kitchen but I know full well that if I did not keep certain electric equipment always at hand, there would be times when the lugging of it from its hiding place would be too hard work.)

Writing of mixing machines: I learned this week a lesson in the mixing of a French dressing from the young waiter whose duty it is to make it in a busy little restaurant. When I congratulated him on the beautifully mixed salad dressing, he told me that he had made it in a liquidizer and remarked, at the same time, that this would not be possible for me! Of course, I have a liquidizer, but I never thought of using it for this purpose.

This dressing was so well mixed that it could stand all day without showing the slightest sign of separating. What surprised me even more was the proportion of oil to vinegar—just two tablespoons oil to one of vinegar. For a pint of the dressing, he allowed a tablespoon of dry

mustard. The wine vinegar was the mildest I have met with. So much of it is so sharp that one cannot criticize folk who turn from it to mild malt vinegar.

The trick, he told me, was to put the mustard in the liquidizer with very little oil and very little vinegar, then gradually add the remaining ingredients so that the whole is kept like an emulsion.

Here are a few of my favourite raw salad combinations:

Shredded white cabbage, carrot and cheese, arranged in little heaps on individual serving plates and garnished with strips of green sweet pepper, slices of tomato and "streamers" of horse-radish twirled into rounds like onion rings. This, with French dressing, is delicious.

Sometimes, like my gourmet friend Thérèse, I add a little tomato ketchup; sometimes I thin down mayonnaise with the French dressing; and sometimes I turn the mayonnaise into a thinnish cocktail sauce by adding a little cream, a little tomato ketchup, a pinch of paprika and a shake or two of tabasco. I got this last sauce from a well-known fish chef.

Another good combination: Shredded red cabbage, diced dessert apple, carrot and thinly sliced raw mushrooms. I prefer the little white ones which must not be peeled. Simply rub the caps with a halved lemon dipped in salt, then quickly rinse and drain them. Halved little white mushrooms have a pleasant nutty flavour. Garnish with thin rings of Spanish onion and quartered skinned tomatoes.

Still another mixture is celeriac, savoy cabbage, swede turnip and beetroot, all raw and shredded, garnished with sliced green pepper.

I would say that these raw salads, with buttered brown bread, are food enough. If, however, something more substantial seems advisable, serve with them shredded cheddar or Samsoe cheese or quartered hard-boiled eggs.

A cookery book which has made quite an impact on me is the expensive (5 gns.) *Picture Cook Book* by the editors of *Life*. It is a picture book and the coloured photographs are magnificent. It is a huge book—10½ by 14 inches—which may make it a little awkward to hold, but the size does permit the lovely illustrations. The editors do not claim it, but I believe that every recipe in the book—that is, every dish—is photographed.

The recipes come from far and wide—from the United States to France; from Switzerland to China; from Italy to India. One section is given to the special dishes of the great restaurants all over the world.

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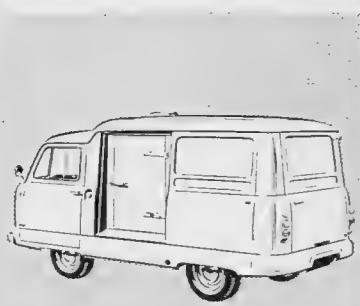
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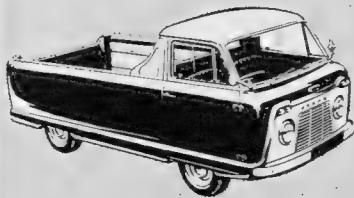
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**Tucker—Kerr-Smiley:** Jennifer, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. T. G. Tucker, of San Paul Tat-Targa, Malta, married Capt. Simon Kerr-Smiley, Cameron Highlanders, son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. C. H. Kerr-Smiley, of Rendham, Suffolk, at St. Patrick's, Sliema, Malta

**Morrison—Beale:** Gillian, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Donald Morrison Bal-hungie, Monifieth, Angus, married Mr. Jeremy Beale, 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, son of Mr. & Mrs. R. Beale, Lower House, Nantyderry, Monmouthshire, at St. Mary's, Arbroath, Forfar



**Voyce—Simpson:** Prunella Barton, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. T. Voyce, of Longford, Gloucestershire, married Nigel, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Simpson, Knoll Hill, Stoke Bishop, near Bristol, at the Dominican Priory, Woodchester, Gloucestershire

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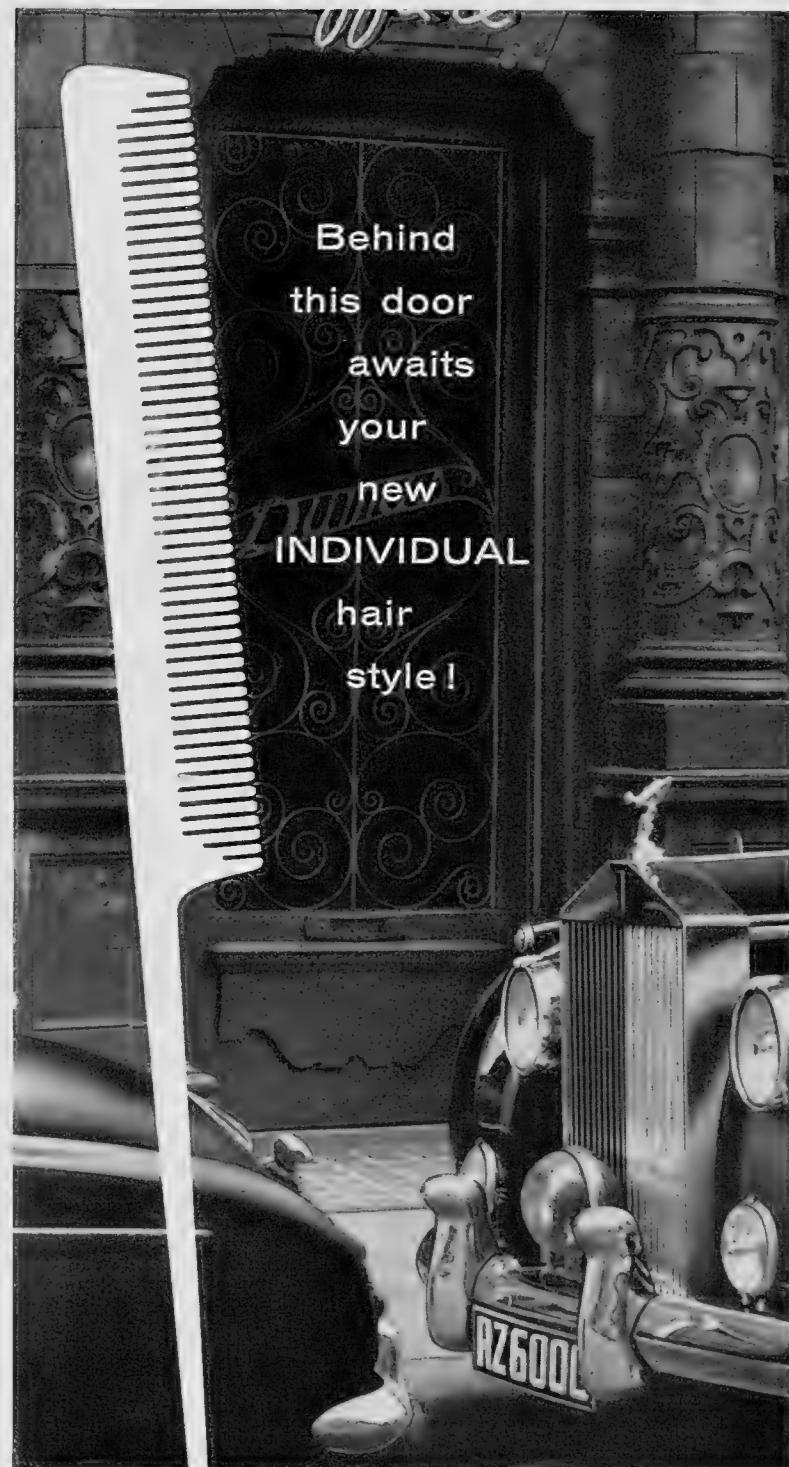
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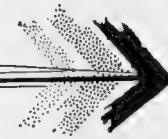
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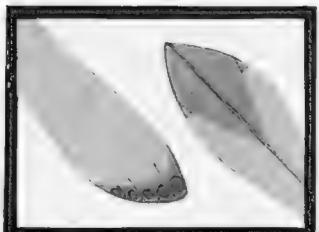
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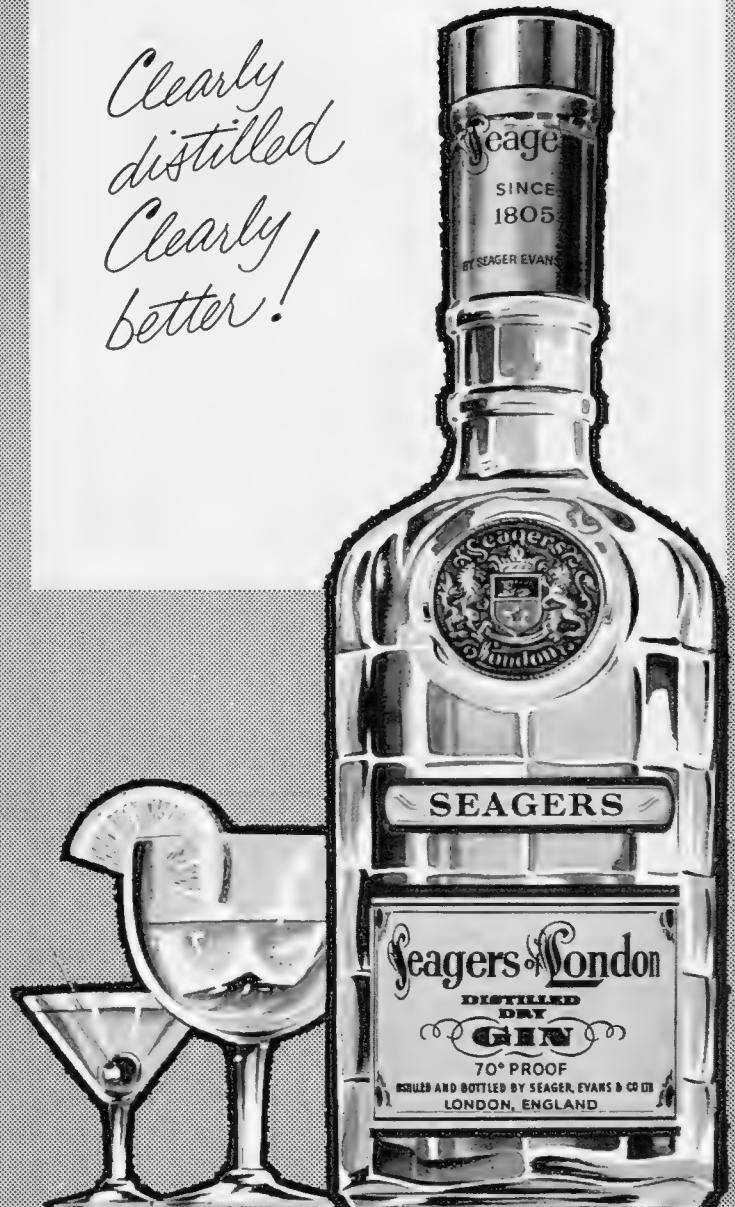
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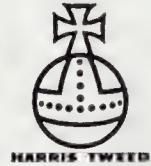
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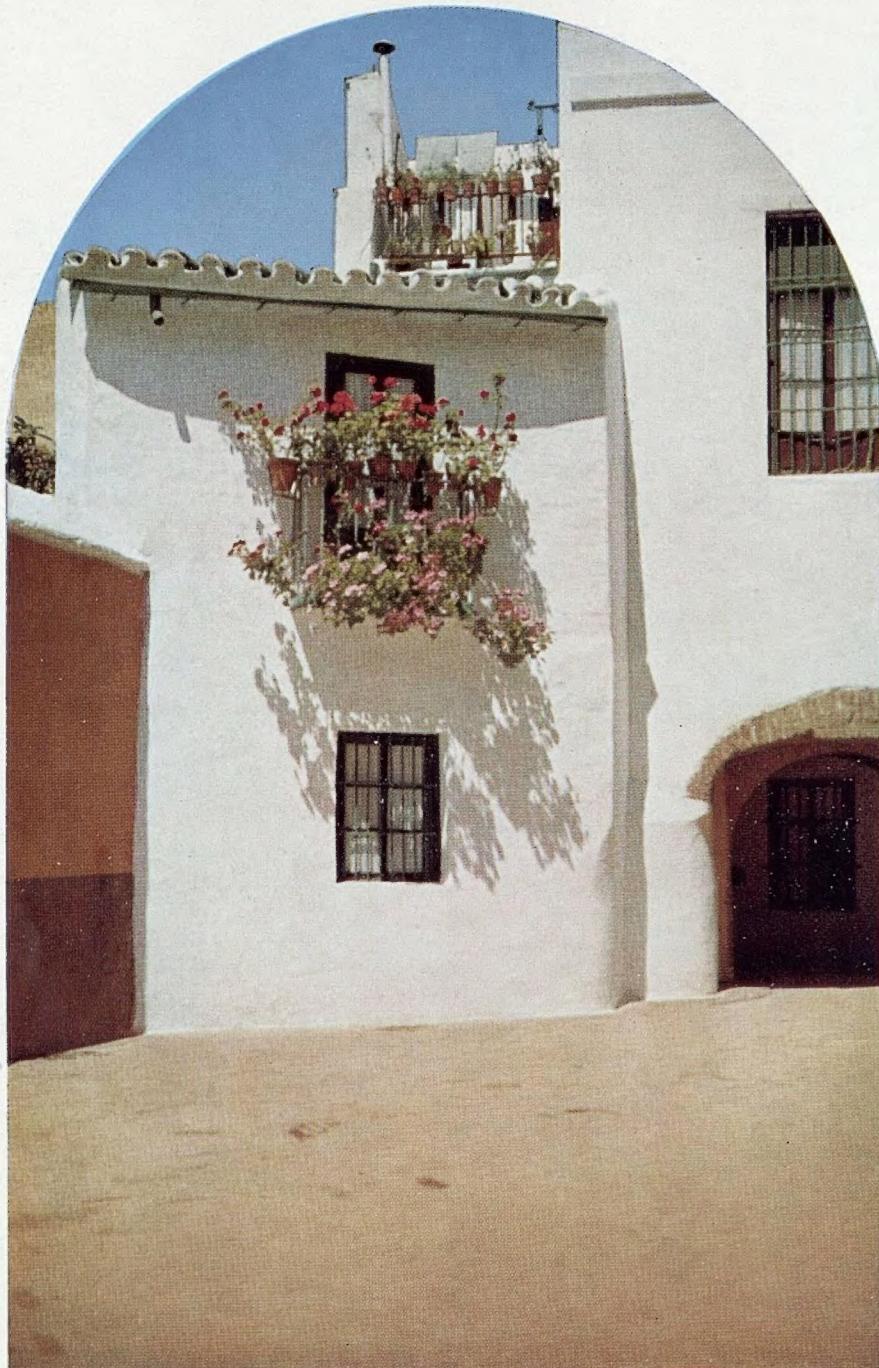
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